Vol. VIII.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
Publishers.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00 One copy, one year, . . 3.00 Two copies, one year, . 5.00

No. 400

THE CITY ON THE HILL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I know a quiet city,
A beautiful, strange city,
A white and peaceful city
Upon a sunny hill.
There daisies fair are blowing,
And soft winds coming, going,
Among the green grass, growing
Along the streets so still.

The streets are long and narrow,
And the brown thrush and the sparrow
Their little nests have builded
Deep in the flower-flecked grass.
You will hear the song of linnet,
And the robin's carol in it,
Whenever this strange city
Your footsteps chance to pass.

There are no sounds of sorrow, No longings for to morrow, No pain to bear or borrow Within its quiet streets; But all is peaceful, over The green grass and the clover, And rest you may discover Within its green retreats.

Oh, in that fair white city. On, in that fair white city,
That beautiful white city,
No thought of pain or pity
Can touch the dweller's breast.
And there, all cares forgetting,
Beyond the world's regretting,
In that strange, hillside city,
How sweet shall be our rest.

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHIEF OF THE DANITES.

By that lake whose gloomy shore Sky-lark never warbled o'er—" The Great Salt Lake in the heart of the continent; that strange body of water within whose confines fish swim not, whose borders are incrusted with salty crystals, glistening diamond-like, in the sun; whose dense, saline waters reject the human who essays to plunge beneath the wave; and of this wondrous lake, so strange, so wild, we shall relate a story so terrible, so improbable, that even credulous man might refuse to believe that such things could be, were not the pages of history already stained with the red story of the impartial historian.

We write of the days of the spring of '69, when the great overland road was rapidly approaching completion, and already the grading parties of both the Central and the Union Pa cific railways were in strong force in the neighborhood of the town of Corinne, on Bear river, just to the north of the Great Salt Lake.

It is a lovely night in the month of April and the clear heavens above are spangled with a myriad of stars, and these peaceful watchers looked down upon as strange a scene as they ever had beheld since the world was

In a secluded nook on Antelope island, the largest of the little group which dot the waters of the lake, burned a camp-fire, and around the flames were gathered a motley collection of men, twelve or fifteen in number.

One might search all the border, from the waters of the Missouri to the golden sands of the placid Pacific, and yet not find a dozen as desperate fellows.

All were armed to the teeth, with one exception, and he, with his plain black suit and clerical aspect, was a strange contrast to the rest.

These armed ruffians, so fierce of face and so lawless in aspect, were Danites—the "Destroying Angels" of the Mormon host, and the black-coated man was a Mormon elder.

After generations, when they read the record of the Danites, will wonder that such things could be in a Christian land, and think perhaps that the story is over-wrought, when in reality the half of the dark deeds done in the gloomy canyons and desolate wastes of Utah will never be revealed until the Judgment Day, when the murdered victims rise in accusing wrath.

Early in the existence of the Salt Lake settlement, the wilv and unscrupulous leaders of this strange band of zealots saw that to crush opposition, awe the timid and overbear the bold, it was necessary to use the sword. A sentence in Genesis suggested the means: 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward."

And so the Mormon elders instituted the Tribe of Dan, the Destroying Angels—a cohort of ruffians who faithfully carried out the orders given them.

Woe then to the man, or men, who attempted to offer resistance to the will of the Mormon leaders! One or many it mattered not, the merciless arm of the Danites struck them down. The deed was done, generally, in secret; then these apostles of a false creed lifted up their voices and prated of the "vengeance of the Lord."

And now by night, and in secret, we conduct the reader to a meeting of the Danites. The "Angels" were scattered around the



"You foolish fellow! don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to come here?"

mon elder, a stout, gross fellow, with coarse raised and the muzzle leveled full at the breast set up a hell of their own," the Danite replied, in biting sarcasm. dog, had just made his appearance beside the camp-fire.

It was evident that he had been expected, for one and all nodded in recognition.

This elder, Gideon Biddeman by name, was one high in favor with the Mormon "Prophet." and his chosen mouth-piece when orders were to be given to the Destroying Angels.

"Bless you, my children!" exclaimed the elder, extending his arms in a mock benediction; "all up to time, eh?" casting his eyes over the group. "That's good, for I've come to talk business to you to-night. You are all prothers of the tribe of Dan, the swords of the Lord—the Destroying Angels, who, with flaming steels, cut off the enemies of the Church of We are all bound by an oath—an oath sealed with blood, to carry out the will of the Lord, revealed to us through his anointed priests, the pillars of our Zion; and the penalty of breaking that oath—what is it?"

"Death!" answered a dozen voices, in chorus. "Right, brothers, right! death to the traitor -death to him who refuses, either through fear or favor, to execute the orders given him, even though it were to give the fatal stroke to

is own kin. The ruffians looked at each other curiously. This lengthy prelude meant business; something out of the common was about to trans-

'We meet to-night for important business and in order that it may be accepted as it should be accepted, I recall your oath to your Brothers, there is a traitor in our band—a man recreant to the oath he swore his doom is death, and we have met to-night

to inflict the penalty. Silence succeeded the words of the elder. The Destroyers glared at each other in aston-

Then the Mormon leader again spoke "Let the man rise, avow his fault and plead for mercy!" he exclaimed.

"Then in face of all I will denounce him." the elder continued. "The traitor is John Clark, Duke of Corinne!" A hoarse murmur of astonishment came

from the lips of the ruffians, at this announce

And then, with a sudden bound, a man was on his feet—a tall, well-proportioned fellow, clad like a hunter in a full deer-skin suit, richly trimmed and ornamented—a man of forty or thereabouts, with a lion-like head, clear-cut features, darkly bronzed by the sun, and wearing ever a stern, saturnine look. His jet-black hair was rudely cropped short, Indian fashion, across the temples, and hung in long tangled

John Clark was no common man; for years he had been the chief of the Danites and was reputed to hold his life as carelessly as though lives were to be had for the asking. A man ot given to brawling, and yet, when in liquor, he was utterly desperate and quick to resent an affront. Duke of Corinne he was commony called, and with good reason, for on more han one occasion he had "cleaned out" that lively town, which, at the time of which we write, was increasing in importance every day, being the head-quarters of the grading parties engaged on the railroad.

masses down upon his shoulders.

You are a liar, elder Gideon, and for two pins I'd put a bullet through your heart!" the Danite leader cried, one of his silver-mounted

The elder's face, ever a ghastly yellow-

"Take it back, elder! take it back, you ly ing hound! Though I wear your Mormon collar, I'm no Mormon dog!" the Danite cried. The vergeance of the Lord and the sword of Gideon may do well enough for the poor devils whom we hunt down, but such trash is wasted upon me! I do your dirty work because I am a villain and an outlaw, and your Prophet pays well for it, but I don't fear you, backed by all Salt Lake. You can't put your heel on

my neck and walk over me!" 'Hold on-don't be so cursed quick!" exclaimed the Mormon elder, just a little tremulously, and evidently alarmed for his personal

"Don't you use your tongue so freely, then," Clark replied, grimly. "We ain't in Salt Lake now, where you scold like women at night and make it up in the morning, but here in the wilderness where every man is free and qual. You may be a great gun down yon-er," and the outlaw nodded his head, conequal. temptuously, to where Salt Lake City, the Zion of these "Latter-Day Saints," nestled beneath the shelter of the white-crested Wahatch mountains; "but up here you ain't any

petter than anybody else! "I only do my duty," the elder said, sulkily; "you have betrayed the trust reposed in you, and the church wants to know have done so? Just carry your mind back to the Mountain Meadows massacre.'

CHAPTER II.

THE ACCUSATION.

A FROWN came over the face of the Danite leader as he listened to the words of the Mormon elder—a frown in which all the older members of the band joined as their minds reverted to the past.

The Mountain Meadows massacre The pages of history do not record a wickeder or a more merciless slaughter.

The helpless emigrants, first lured into a trap and afterward ruthlessly shot down by the Mormon fighting-men disguised as Indians, and then their property distributed among these saintly men of Zion!

"And what of the Mountain Meadows mas-

acre?" cried the Danite, sternly and hoarsely. Is that deed of blood never to be forgotten? You and I, elder, will roast in hell some day for our share in that thing if there is to be any judgment hereafter.' A sneer passed over the coarse face of the Mormon. A coward at heart and yet no

slave to superstition, living man alone he

dreaded; the terrors of the reckoning in the world to come affrighted not his soul. 'The flaming sword of the Lord struck then, and Zion rejoiced to know that her enemie were smitten, hip and thigh!" retorted the elder, with the snuffle dear to the heart of the canting hypocrite. "It ill beseems you, a

good son of the church, Zion's right-hand man, to speak in such terms of the righteous deed.' Elder, when Satan receives us below after judgment is passed, he'll cry out, 'I can't have those Mormon butchers in here; they'll corrupt my kingdom. Give them a snug corner in biting sarcasm

"Enough of this!" commanded. Biddeman, white, turned still more ghastly, and, as his stung by the hoarse chuckle which escaped trembling eyes glanced around the amazed cir- from the lips of the outlaws at this doubtful cle of ruffians, he saw that not a man of them all was disposed to interfere.

"I did not come here to bandy words with you, but to accuse you of an offense which you have committed, and to listen to your answer.

"Go ahead; but what has the Mountain

Meadows massacre to do with it? "You know that orders were given that all those vile wretches who composed that band of emigrants, who had poisoned our springs, cursed our church and our good and holy men. were to perish by the sword which they had

"Oh, yes, I remember well enough; you wanted to plunder the emigrants, for they were well fixed with a big train, and so you called down the 'vengeance of the Lord' upon

Again the elder winced, for this truth was not at all palatable.

"The word went forth that all must diethat none must escape to tell the tale, for the Gentiles would have been only too glad to have made our holy vengeance an excuse for persecuting us," Biddeman continued, never taking the least notice of the unpleasant words of the heartless Danite leader.

"Well, what has all this got to do with me?" "John Clark, you spared one of the emigrant you enabled the party to escape the slaughter, and that person, able to bear witness to the whole affair-to denounce those who took part in it—is now in the neighborhood of

A deathlike silence had fallen upon the little group as they listened to the words of the Times had changed greatly since the day of that terrible tragedy. No more did the Mormon leaders lord it over Utah, and defy the power of the United States government. The strong arm which had beaten down the great rebellion was not to be wantonly afronted, although these chiefs of Zion boasted

the power of heaven at their backs. Lee, the principal leader at the massacre, had fled for his life, and under another name was hiding among the almost inaccessible mountains in southern Utah, it was said.

The Mormon leaders had done their best to destroy all traces of their connection with the slaughter, for, with the near approach of the railroad, and from the number of Gentiles-as he Mormons name all non-believers in their faith—who had poured into Utah, the day for pen resistance had gone by.

Great was the wonder, then, of the Danites as they listened to the accusation.

"It is false!" cried John Clark, promptly and whoever says it, lies! Do you think that am a fool to run my own neck into a halter? Who makes the charge, elder? I demand to be confronted with my accuser!'

"There is no actual accuser, Clark," Biddeman replied. "The report comes from secret lessly around the town and keep your eyes on information.' 'Some spy with a grudge against me; but

I'll make it hot for him if I find out who it the gang, whose "sweet" brogue plainly be-And those who knew John Clark well. knew that the Duke of Corinne rarely indulged | for a son. in idle boasts.

You deny the fact?" "Yes, a thousand times!" the Danite cried "It is a lie!"

fiercely. "Clark, you are too wise a man to trifle with us, I should hope," the Mormon elder obfire, reclining in various attitudes; the Mor- revolvers glistening in his hand, the hammer and a few bushels of brimstone and let them served, slowly, "and therefore I am willing much," the Danite grimly concluded.

to take your word in this matter, particularly as we need your aid just now in a certain matter. "Go ahead; I'm your man as long as you

pay."
"There's a chap in Corinne who has made a good deal of trouble for some of our best men. He curses the Saints up hill and down whenever he gets a chance; says that our Prophet is a fraud, makes love to our Mormon girls, and acts generally in a manner which is extremely unpleasant to us. We want his mouth stopped."

"His name?" the Danite asked.

"Gold Dan!" "Why, he's dead!" cried one of the band, abruptly, a stout, red-headed, red-whiskered

"Dead! Well, that settles the wildest Gentile devil in Utah; but it must be proved!"
"Oh, no mistake! killed in an Injun fight
on the Montana trail. I heard one of the pilgrims who escaped tell the story. Gold Dan was the first man down, shot plum through the forehead with a rifle-ball."

"Our information is incorrect, then, for we were told that he had returned to Corinne." "His ghost may be waltzing round, but the chap himself passed in his checks a month

"Well, that settles it, then; and now another bit of business," the Mormon continued. "Somebody is prospecting for gold or silver in the rough lands north-east of Corinne; it must be put a stop to; we don't want any more miners in Utah; there's enough here already. Keep a watch, and drive the party

"All right; I'll attend to it," Clark pro-

"That is all, then, at present. Good-by, boys; keep your eyes about you, and don't allow these Gentiles to crow too loudly in Corinne. This railroad ain't going to burst up our church; the Prophet says it must be a cursed poor religion that can't stand one rail-

The ruffians chuckled, and the elder strode away toward his boat, which was pulled up on the shores of a little cove in the north-east part of the island. He was followed by the Danite chief.

The Mormon shoved his boat into the water, and then, with his foot upon the prow to retain it in position turned to

"By the way, John, I've got a little bit of private business which I wish you to fix for

"I've had a revelation," and the canting scoundrel rolled his eyes upward, piously, "and that revelation commands me to take to wife that little Polly Pickles, who lives on Bear river just below the town of Corinne-the female doctor, you know?'

A peculiar look passed over the dark face of the outlaw, but as his features were in the shadow the Mormon elder did not observe it. "Why, elder, you've got five wives al-

"It is not good for man to be alone, John; besides this little thing is young and innocent: pert and pretty—just suits me, in fact." 'She's only a child, elder—a mere girl."

"Sixteen, John; quite old enough. must manage the affair for me; I don't think that the little thing will take kindly to the idea; a little gentle force may have to be Think the matter over; there's no hurry. you know." Yes, I'll attend to it; but one last word,

elder," he said, as the Mormon got into the skiff and took up the oars. "Who gave the information about me?" "Oh, I can't tell you that, John; but look

out for yourself, that's all. Don't be too rash, for we've got long arms, and it ain't safe even for the Duke of Corinne to brave us!"

And then the boat shot out into the moonlit lake, while the outlaw, with folded arms, watched the villainous elder—a peculiar smile upon his dark face.

CHAPTER III. THE FUGITIVES.

"THE elder is well served," the Danite muttered, "but how in the fiend's name did it get For quite a while the outlaw pondered upon

the question he had asked, watching the while the rapidly-receding skiff. "I give it up!" he exclaimed at last. "It's too much for me, but I must cover up the trail

at once. Curse the meddling spy, whoever he is! If I run across him, there'll be one rogue the less in the world!" And with this observation the leader turned moodily away and rejoined the men grouped

around the camp-fire. "Nothing more to-night, boys," he said, as he joined the circle, "so you can turn in as soon as you like. I want six or eight of you to-morrow night in Corinne. Just stroll caro-

"Is it Gold Dan yer afther?" asked one of trayed that the south of Ireland claimed him

"Perhaps," the Danite leader replied. "I tell yer he's dead, Cap'!" the red-headed outlaw exclaimed. "The pilgrim told a good

square story; the furst man down was Dan, with a bullet plum through the forehead.' "In that case, then, he won't trouble us

o-long, boys; I'm off. To-morrow night in Corinne, remember. Don't excite remark by sticking together, but just scatter about the town and at the first sign of trouble be on hand.

A chorus of "all rights" answered the leader's speech; and then the Danite departed. A light skiff upon the shore gave him passage to the main, and then, drawing the boat from the water, he carefully concealed it in the underbrush, although there was very little danger of any one troubling it, for it was rare

of the saline lake. The boat concealed, the Danite struck off to the north-east, following a little trail which wound over the rough surface of the broken

that human footsteps pressed the sandy margin

The trail was so dimly defined that it would have puzzled the eyes of an Indian tracker to have followed it, and yet the dark-faced outlaw pushed on, never hesitating in the least; thus plainly indicating that the way was fa-

miliar to him. A good half-hour's walk from the shores of the lake, and the Danite crossed the main road southward leading to Ogden; thence to Salt Lake, and then, a short half-mile east of the main trail, up amid the spurs of the Wahsatch mountains, in a lonely glen, from whence a fine view of the surrounding country for miles around could be had. The outlaw halted in front of a small log hut, stoutly framed, with loopholes for musketry in the walls, and placed directly against the almost perpendicular side of the mountain.

This was the home of the desperate Danite

leader, the outlaw's retreat.

Alone, a single man might hold it against a hundred while his ammunition held out and he was well provisioned. Thirst he need not fear, for a living spring gushed forth from the foot of the rock just inside the cabin, and then, flowing under the wall, found its way down the hillside to the Weber river.

And so cunningly had this desperate man, who expected to meet a foe in every living creature, pitched his camp, that even if the door of the cabin was carried by direct assault -the only possible way to gain an entrance to the fortress, for the wooden roof was covered with clay, carefully packed on the logs so as to be completely fireproof-successful resistance could still be offered, for within the hut an arched tunnel had been skillfully run into the side of the mountain, the entrance guarded by stout logs, with just room enough in the enter for a single man to pass.

It was plain that the foe who attempted to take the Destroyer in his den might far better hope to conquer the African lion free in his

native woods. The outlaw unlocked the heavy padlock, which, in connection with a massive chain, fastened the door, and entered the cabin. Al was dark, except that from the cavern in the side of the mountain a ray of light streamed forth, stealing through the log piling and the tattered blanket which marked the narrow

Passing through the aperture, Clark found himself within the cavern's center

Five or six feet wide only at the doorway, the cavity widened out into a room ten or twelve feet square, and then again contracted into a narrow, tunnel-like passage winding into the bosom of the mountain,

This passage was plunged in utter darkness turning as it did abruptly to the right, so that its length could not be ascertained without an examination. A single candle stuck in a hollow of the wall

dimly illuminated this strange apartment. Two occupants had this secure retreat when

the outlaw entered it.

Crouched upon a rock, just under the candle, was a man smoking—a stoutly-built fellow dressed in shabby garments, and with a face as dark as an Indian's; his hair, too, was arranged savage fashion, clipped short across the front as though severed by the sharp edge of a bowieknife, and flowing down long upon his shoulders behind. No Indian, though, was the man for a short, black beard covered the chin.

The other occupant of the room was a boy some fifteen or sixteen years of age-a fragile delicate-looking lad, dressed poorly like the other, very dark in face and with his jet-black hair cut tight to his head. He was sound asleep on a buffalo-robe spread upon the floor. Not long for this world was the lad, to judge

from the face and the fragile form. "Asleep?" asked the Danite, glancing at the boy as he entered the room.

"So much the better: for I've something important to say to you.

The man removed the cigar from his mouth and looked anxiously at the Danite. You must get out; your presence here has

either been discovered or else it is shrewdly suspected. One of the Mormon elders accuse me to-night of sheltering a survivor of the Mountain Meadows massacre.' "The Mountain Meadows massacre!" the

man exclaimed.

Yes; no need for you to say a word about it," the outlaw continued, quickly. "I ask you no questions, and you need not volunteer any information. Suffice it that you have a claim upon me which I respect; my home, my money, my influence are yours as long as yo demand them, but for the present, since it is known that you are here, it is better that you should get out. I am pretty sure that no one has recognized you, so that in Corinne no one will be able to pick you out as the man who enjoyed John Clark's hospitality. Strangers pouring into the town every day. You had better open a little store, cigars and notions, or something of that kind; no one will be apt to suspect you. If you need money, mine is at your service. At any rate you must not remain here. I am liable to be visited by the Mormon elder at any time, and you know what the Mormons are,' and as the Danite finished he nodded toward the boy.

"You have discovered, then?" the man said, slowly.

"I'm not blind." "Well, I'll go, although I would prefer to hide away from all the world. I fear that, in spite of my precautions the man I dread will

find me out "Who and what is he?" "A man who lives by his wits-Richard Velvet he calls himself, though they say he has

another name, but he is generally known as Velvet Hand." 'An odd name."

"Yes, he is no common man. I believe that if I went to the end of the earth he would find me.

"If he comes to Corinne point him out to me and I'll soon settle him for you," the Danite observed, carelessly. "I run that town, and there's no ten or twenty men in it that dare to even crook their finger when John Clark takes the war-path."

"Good! then in Corinne I'll hide, and if this man comes!" the stranger cried, eagerly. "He won't trouble you but once," the outlaw remarked.

CHAPTER IV. AN UNEXPECTED GREETING.

QUITE a lively place was the "city" of Cor-

inne now that the grading parties of the transcontinental railway had reached the neighbor-hood. And where the sons of toil congregate, thither, too, come the birds of prey iquor-dealers, the gamblers, the dance-house belles, rogues and rascals of every grade, every age and sex. Like a mushroom the city of Corinne had

sprung into existence almost in a night. No miracle Aladdin's palace to the followers of the iron way across the continent; a "city" of tents and shanties sprung into life and being every time the railroad army halted to

First, the barren, treeless prairie covered with sage-brush and flecked with alkali; then the prospecting gang of graders, and, then, presto! a city of a thousand souls almost in a breath.

Debatable ground was Corinne; first a little Mormon settlement, a scattered house here and there along the banks of the river; but with the sudden rise to the dignity of a "city" of hotels, saloons, dance-houses, and gaming lens, interspersed with a few stores now and then, the vast rush of the outside barbariansthe "Gentiles"—stifled the Mormon influence to that it amounted to very little, although the Saints " strove hard to retain control over the motley denizens of the mushroom town.

At the time of which we write, although numbering over a thousand souls, Corinne was atterly without any local government, although with that peculiar instinct, so natural to the Anglo-Saxon breast, the inhabitants had talked about organizing a regular government and electing the proper officers to run the thing but as this had not yet been done, each inhabitant was a law unto himself

One could never have told though from the appearance of the town that the lively city was "running" itself, for there were few brawls, considering the number of rough and violent men congregated within the limits of the town, their passions unrestrained by the stern control of law's powerful hand.

But then, every man, nearly, carried arms, was ready to use them, too, and everybody knew it; a quarrel meant "business," and few of the roughs even were anxious for sudder death.

Still the desperadoes would fight among themselves, would kill each other; there was 'a man for breakfast" every now and then but it was rare that a peaceable citizen, mind ing his own business, was interfered with and so, upon the whole, for so brisk a place Corinne had reason to boast of the good order which generally prevailed within its

Built after the usual fashion of railway owns, nearly all of the buildings being strung along a single street, through the center of which the railway ran, it would not have taken a stranger long to "do" the town.

As we have said, every other house wa either a hotel, a saloon, a dance-house or a gaming den, and sometimes all four collected together in one building, as was notably the case with a palatial establishment—palatial for the frontier-which displayed as its sign a turreted stone building with flags flying, and over it the inscription:

THE CASTLE OF DURANGO. Here, under one roof was a hotel, a saloon, a

lance-house and a gambling hell. The Castle of Durango was, by a long chalk

to use the common expression—far ahead of anything else in the city of Corinne. It was the best hotel in the town, kept the best liquors in its saloon, boasted the prettiest

girls in its dance-house, and ran the squarest and largest game in its apartment sacred to the oddess Fortune. Michael Castana, a tall, broad-shouldered

Mexican, of middle age, kept the place, assted by a woman whom he called his sister and whose fame extended far and wide. Katherine Castana-Kate of Durango, as

he was generally termed—was no commo

Tall and queenly in stature, superbly formed with a figure that would have excited the ad miration of the old-time sculptor who carved the Roman Venus; a face, pure Spanish in its type, and as fair as had ever sat upon the ilders of a Castilian maid; eyes black as gight and as lustrous as the sun-kissed waters of the arrowy Guadalquiver, Hispania's fairest iver; lips red as the cactus flower of the Mexican desert and formed after the arch of Cupid's bow; hair soft as finest silk, and shining in its jetty blackness like the wild cherry coat, gathered in a simple knot at the back of the head and held in place by a gold-handled dagger, the blade Toledo steel, that boasted the ice-brook's temper, she was indeed a wondrous maid!

And this superb creature, as fair as ever painter dreamed of, as perfect as ever sculptor wished for, was simply and purely a female gambler.

Queen of Monte she was called, and over the carded table she presided in the gambling den situated in the right wing of "The Castle of Durango.

Great attraction was she, too, for many a dollar was risked in the saloon simply because the owner desi ed to feast his eyes upon the peautiful face of the Monte Queen

Fair as Diana, the fabled goddess, was she; and as chaste, too, for no living man could boast of favors received from Durango Kate, A charming smile and a pleasant word for all—but no more, and so strong the influence of her proud way that the worst ruffian in the

town hesitated to provoke her wrath. 'Twas said, too, that the dagger in her hair was no child's toy, but was a poisoned weapon, the merest scratch of which would bring cer tain death, and that she, if affronted, would not hesitate to use it.

And now, having described this strange flower, who seems to bloom with grace and purity in this hotbed of vice, we will look in ipon her at the hour of nine at night as she olds her court in the gambling saloon.

The place is full of people; is the common resort of the men of the town after nightfall to hear the news and talk over past events. No one is pressed to either play or drink; the place is as free to the looker-on as to the man who desires to spend money. Katherine, reclining in a richly-cushioned arm-chair, just back of the monte-table, over

which an assistant was now presiding, was

smoking a dainty cigarette, the one peculiar weakness of the Spanish-Mexican dame, and chatting with the frequenters of the saloon as they sauntered by. There was very little playing going on at present; gambling in earnest rarely commenced until after ten. The occupants of the room were conversing together and watching the

new-comers, and as nearly every eye was fixed upon the door, the entrance of a man, peculiar both in face and dress, at once excited general attention He was just a little above the medium hight.

splendidly built, dressed in a full suit of buck- ask your noble heart if it can forgive my cruskin, wearing upon his feet the pointed mocca-sins of the Pawnee tribe, and upon his head the raccoon-cap of the hunter, the snout of the animal projecting down over the forehead, the bushy, barred tail dangling against the neck, behind; keen brown-black eyes, a bronzed, manly face, the chin boasting a full brown beard, the hair, dark brown in color, pushed back behind the ears and reaching clear to the shoulders, and we have the pen picture of the new-comer.

Men in deer-skin were common enough in the wn of Corinne, and yet the entrance of this

an excited general amazement. Plenty of men in deer-skin, but no trapper, ule-driver or Indian guide who carried up his person a small fortune in the shape of butons made out of gold-pieces

Hundreds of dollars' worth of the precious etal at least he carried upon his person in this peculiar way; and few in the city of Corinne who would not have recognized Gold Dan, the wildest dare-devil on the frontier, at

"Gold Dan, by hookey!" an old gaunt fellow cried, and the crowd took up the exclamation, much to the astonishment of the individual in question, who halted at the door, evidently npletely astonished by the reception. And the good folks of Corinne were aston-

ished, too. Upon good authority Gold Dan had been reported slain in an Indian attack, a month before, on the Montana trail, yet here he was, looking about the same, except that he had let his hair and beard grow. "Why, I heered you were dead, ole man!"

"Oh, no; I'm alive," was the careless reply, but it was plain from the way he looked around him that he felt ill at ease.

one of the crowd exclaimed.

Dan, I want to speak to you!" exclaimed Kate, abruptly, and speaking as if he were an old acquaintand

"Certainly," the man responded, and at once made his way to where the haughty beauty reclined in her chair.

"You foolish fellow! don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to come 'No: why? What have I to fear?" Gold

Dan asked, apparently mystified, and yet endeavoring to look unconcerned. "After running away with that Mormon's wife—fly at once—ah! it is too late!"

John Clark, with six or seven other Mor ons, at that instant sauntered into the room. (To be continued.)

A MAIDEN'S STORY.

Returning, book in hand from school, In summer time, one evening cool, I slowly sauntered on my way, When Love accosted me: "Oh, say, Fair maiden, what the special lore You study everything before?"

I answered him most modestly, Sir, I am studying poetry. Three times I've tried, nor can combine Words in a single decent line; Yet, by my labor you may guess I want to be a poetess."

"My little friend," he straight replied,
"Your master has but mystified
His pupil. Sure you waste your time
Learning from such as him to rhyme.
Obey but me, and, ere you know it,
You shall become a lady-poet.
But promise, if I grant you this,
As my reward, one little kiss
From those red lips—just to make friends."

Sir," said I, "if it serve your ends To work so cheaply, from my lip Any amount of kisses sip."

He did. He took me in his arm And gave me many kisses warm. This was Love's very simple fee. And now—I write love-poesy.

The Bitter Secret; OR,

THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXVI. AT LAST!

MEANWHILE uncle and nephew had surmounted all mystifications, and were holding each other tightly by the hand, and pouring orth their pent-up hearts as men so seldom do o each other, preferring the soft sympathy of emotional womankind, which does not criticise or smile at a man's loving weakness

But these two had always loved each other dearly, noble heart responding to noble heart; and this rare and perfect love it was which had o embittered them one against the other, when each suspected treachery in the other—"What! have I been deceived in him all along, and is his love of me of a baser quality than mine Ah! how he must have been laughing at my foolish tenderness, the devil incarnate. outraged love makes fiercest hate, and the torn eart strives to see the traitor henceforth in his blackest colors, as some bitter indemnity for the precious treasure wasted heretofore up-

"Uncle, look at me, your own miserable pov!" cried Geoffrey, tearing at his false out ide in the frantic endeavor to show his uncle the dear reality beneath. "I'm Geoffrey, your own poor, broken-hearted boy, come back to you, dear, I hope—I hope in time to save you from these fiends!" And he stopped in the middle of the work of destruction, stopped perforce, for the man who had driven him orth in his vain and empty pride of race, to take to his bosom in his stead a brood of loath some reptiles who had well-nigh stung him to death, had dropped his warlike attitude, and, with a strange cry, had fallen forward on his breast, arms clinging round his neck, face pressed down close, close upon his heart, obbing and shaking like a loving girl; the haughty Derwent all unmanned, cowering for shelter, weeping for love and remorse, in the faithful arms of his disinherited nephe

And the men were smitt n dumb by great emotion. Each forgot the outer hardness due his manhood, and let the other run deep into his long-yearning and bereaved heart. old man had been brought so low that this womanish fit-no fool could presume to hint that it disgraced him; while the young man was so strong and fearless in his will to rescue him, and so pitiful of his sufferings, that these falling tears, and manly lips pressed to the thin cheek of the sick man, and panting grief and fury, only proved him nobler, braver, kinder and kinglier, than any man had ever been beore him, except, perhaps, the knights like Sir Galahad of the Holy Graal, or King Arthur himself, blameless and brave.

But, after a long while, Derwent drew back from his nephew, and sinking upon his pillows, fixed his eyes upon him with a mournful

"My poor injured boy," he said, so weak his voice that Geoffrey was terrified, and looked wildly about for some restorative, "I need not

elty and folly, for you have come to me in my desperate extremity, and love that had never been outraged could do no more. And, brave Geoffrey, if it can soften the hard harshness of the past, let me solemnly assure you that, black-hearted, false and evil-liver as I believed you to be, I never succeeded in driving you quite out of my love; I pined for you, Geof-frey, Geoffrey! There were hours of isolation and loneliness when my whole soul cried out for you, whatever you had done—when I was lashed with remorseful forebodings that I had thrust you further along the road to destruc ion than your own vices had done—when life eemed heavy and aimless, hideous to look back upon, maddening to look forward to-and I ould have welcomed death. And these denons worked upon all that was bad or weak in me-oh, fool! fool! to stifle the warnings of my instinct and accept filth for the precious

metal I had cast away! "Oh, now, hang it all! what's the use of raking things up?" exclaimed Geoffrey, getting in his oar at last, and desperately hasting his uncle out of these waters of humiliation and self-reproach; "I never was the muff to harbor malice, and I dare say was provoking enough about the little jade, Nell Wyvern, who surely was never worth the trouble she put between you and me, dear old man. And that reminds me to say that I never cared for her, really, you know, though I thought it would be a rascal's act to desert her at your bid, and not worthy a Derwent of the old

stock, for all she was a poor girl."

Geoffrey paused in the full flow of his confessions, suddenly becoming aware, by the dark blood which tinged his uncle's pallid cheek that he was upon awkward ground, and for a noment looked foolish enough, pulling his nustache and glowering at Derwent depre-

catingly He had quite forgotten Derwent's early mar riage with the American village girl, and subsequent desertion of her. As yet, he knew none of the particulars of the matter, not hav ing seen Monica since she had read Jonathan Brade's confession; he only knew that his uncle had deserted Monica's mother, although she was his lawful wife, and that Monica's mission to England had been to avenge her mother's

Derwent waved his pale hand after a dead lence, to bespeak Geoffrey's attention.

"I see, by your significant interruption of your story, and your embarrassment, that you have become acquainted with my marriage Did Monica tell you?" He faltered a little as he pronounced her name, and averted his face uneasily; he, too, was in the dark concerning his long-lost wife, and knew not that she was innocent and dead, and that Monica was all that was left him of her-his daughter.

"Yes, uncle; Monica told me," said Geof-frey, recovering himself in the welcome prospect of championizing the lovely American, and instantly brimming over with eager inteligence; "and if you only knew all that sweet lady has braved, ay, and suffered, in her efforts to save you, you would take her straight into your heart and worship her forever!"

'As my dear Geoffrey has done!" said Derwent, looking at him wistfully; "yes, she is very attractive, and strangely courageous in her attempts to make acquaintance with me and I do think she interfered in my defense that dreadful day in the wood, when Rufus sent the mad dog at me; but why is she so interested? Who is she? My boy, I knew one Rivers before, she—was unworthty-

"No! no! that is impossible!" Geoffrey broke in, feeling it unendurable to hear Monica's mother so described; but his uncle, supposing him merely to be echoing the statement mercenary relative of his perfidious wife, only

shook his head sadly, and continued: She was unworthy, Geoffrey; she wrecked as this young girl, who is, of course, some rela tive of hers, sent here by-her-to make money out of the secret marriage, which she probably supposes I have kept secret from far different

motives than the real ones. "Uncle! I can't hear you speak of that angel so!" almost shouted Geoffrey, springing to his feet, and towering up in the middle of the floor with clenched fists and panting nostrils so hot was he in his idol's defense: then, catching his uncle's wan look of distress and perplexity, and recollecting how much fuller and more perfect would the reunion be between father and daughter if he refrained from any disclosures now, and brought his angelic Moni ca to tell the tale nerself, he crushed down his excitement, lifted his uncle's wasted hand to his lips with a beautiful humble and loving

grace, and said gently: 'Dear old man, forgive my violence. I have only this excuse, that, when you know all that I know about that sweet American queen, you will love me better still for standing up for her thus. Many things have happened, uncle, that you don't know-when you do, you will never rest until-but, never mind: I drop the subject for the present; and indeed I have most culpably neglected your comfort of mind and body, in my ill-regulated zeal. Dear Nunc, don't look at me with that heartsick expression, as if you saw me in the horrid clutches of a Yankee sorceress. Suspend all udgment until you have heard this lady's

Will you not promise to do this?" 'Ah, my generous, unsuspicious boy, what ower have you to withstand the lures and wiles of a scheming woman?" sighed Derwent, almost revoking all the kindly half-belief he nad begun to cherish secretly in the young girl who had hung over him with her very soul standing in her eyes, and anguish clearly written on her front, when he lay, struck down by his heirs; for Derwent was a man born of, and nurtured by a race made proud by centuries of distinction and honors conferred by the mighty of the land, in just award for its unblemished name and gallant services rendered to the king and country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWISTING THE TOILS.

THE blood of the Derwent was old before the Norman Conquest, and from its remotest annals not a generation had passed without producing at least one scion of the house whose deeds could be fitly strung upon the glittering rosary of valor and worth which wound its dazzling way through scores of mammoth tomes, written in rude Latin by the friars of the house, centuries ago: and later, in Chaucer's English; later still, in Johnson's sound ing diction; and now, in the smooth, flowing phraseology of the present day, written by the scholarly young Etonian who filled the post of secretary to the master of Dornoch-Weald. In this the latest volume of the History of the House of Derwent, two of the proad leaves were sealed together, and jealous ly stamped with the seal of the house, with its

nacing motto: "DARE NOT DERWENT."

These pages were written by the hand of Otto,

the only surviving Derwent of the line, and no eye had as yet ever scanned them save his

They recounted the tragedy of his unwise and unworthy marriage.

The rest of his career, as chronicled in the open pages, was proud and brilliant as befitted the descendant of such ancestors. He had fought with signal gallantry and victory for his country; he had served her nobly with his intellect in his chair among the statesmen; he was a power in the land.

He had never stooped from his lofty pedestal of honor and a pure life, and had done noble good with his wealth; after all, had he not more rational cause for self-esteem than have the common herd, who, uninfluenced by the lives of more heroic natures as exemplified in their ancestors, live as they may, according to their own dull capacities?

Granting this aspect of affairs as reasonable excuse for Derwent's conservatism, what more natural, nay, inevitable, than his shrinking reluctance to condemn himself in the eyes of his compeers by publication of his early mesalliance, after all that was sweet belonging to it had vanished, leaving only the blasting disgrace; or what more consistent than his shock-ed repulsion of the idea of his beloved Geoffrey's entanglement with a nobody like pretty Nell Wyvern; or an American siren, by the blood of the traitor Rivers-like Monica, the mercenary agent of his vile wife Ada, whom he had always pictured for these nine-teen years of sullen, dumb fury, in the home of his ignoble rival, Jonathan Brade, growing further and further out of his toleration in the conscious guilt of her situation?

So he maligned the strange, sweet American maiden whom Geoffrey revered above all women by the names of "siren" and "schemer, and almost forgot her devotion to himself in the bitter pain it gave him to see how Geoffrey shrunk and flushed from the scornful epithets. But Geoffrey was wise; he resolutely changed the theme of discourse, leaving that mighty

question in abeyance. He quietly and quickly explained the present state of matters; Vulpino had been bought over to undo the mischief he had done; the Marshalls were hurrying away from the Weald in anticipation of his speedy death; Godiva was being held, Geoffrey explained, most likey as a sort of hostage for their return; and then he told of Monica's sufferings. "Great heavens!" gasped Derwent, who had

nung on Geoffrey's words with breathless attention from the moment when Monica's name was introduced: "and she went through all that for me! For me, Geoffrey-I who have never spared her one kindly word! Oh, who is she?" he almost shouted. Geoffrey told of her lying helpless in Toby's

hut, consumed with anxiety on his uncle's ac-

"When—can—she—come?" gasped Derwent, clasping and unclasping his feeble hands in feverish impatience.

'Here? To see you?" said Geoffrey, secretly lelighted; "oh, I hope to-morrow or next day. She's dreadfully shaken, you know, and really ought to be shut up in a quiet place for a week or two, but she is so anxious about you that I suppose we shall have to let her come whenever she is able.'

"Geoffrey, oh, boy, is she genuine?" besought Derwent, tears rolling down his haggard cheeks; 'why does she endure all this for me?" "I believe in her, uncle," said Geoffrey, solemnly; "and she will tell you the truth her-

Presently Mr. Derwent was saying hopeless ly that deliverance had come too late, that he felt the hand of death upon him, and that he would never live to unravel this mystery.

'And, indeed, it is a wonder that I have not

elt the effects of the mad dog's bite before this," he said, with a shudder which convulsed my life when it was at its very prime; and she seemed as softly innocent and radiantly good peril which menaced him was morbid, and alperil which menaced him was morbid, and alenough in itself to kill an ordinary man Then Geoffrey told him what Monica be ieved, that the dog had not been mad, and

> that Rufus had only attempted to play upon his imagination. Derwent was struck with instant conviction of the truth, and inspired with new life, sprung

up in his sick bed almost well again. "She is right. I feel it!" he cried, joyfully. "I have not had the faintest approach of the symptoms of hydrophobia, no paroxysms of ervous derangement, no muscular convulsions at the sight of fluids-nor mental excitation. Well, well, I need not holloa too loud vet: I am by no means out of the wood. How much am I poisoned? Shall I ever throw off the effects and be a well man again? This horrible stupor in which they have kept me almost contantly seems to have sapped away my very heart-blood! And it is stealing upon me again The excitement of seeing you has kept it off for a little while, but it is coming back! Oh, it drowns me in a horrible oblivion!"

He moved about restlessly, trying to fight off the exhausting drowsiness caused by the unknown death-drugs which had been administered to him, and Geoffrey, sharing his anxiety, hurried away to find Vulpino, that he might instantly begin to undo the mischief he had After some searching he met him entering the ruined tower from the court, where he had been seeing the Marshall brothers off, and dragging him hastily up-stairs, the critical work of counteracting the poison already consuming the vital forces of Mr. Derwent began. Vulpino worked his best and planned his

visest: his own safety hung on the recovery of his patient; and Geoffrey, securely hidden under the forbidding exterior of Vulpino's Lonlon factotum, Barber, helped him and mounted guard over the patient; while Godiva Montacute gradually banished from the sick room. waited moodily in her own hidden chamber for the fatal end-the fearful consummation which she had already lived through in agony without repenting her of the crime she believed was being perpetrated.

Geoffrey could scarcely bear to see Godiva. Her very sex-her soft beauty-made her wickedness seem the more revolting. Had she taken the slightest notice of him, he would have felt it impossible to retain his incognito, but would have burst out on her in fierce, scathing denunciation.

As it was she never condescended to even rlance at Vulpino's uncouth-looking assistantlumbly attending to his meals three times a day, and retiring to her solitude between

Vulpino, however, made her talk to him during the tete-a-tetes which he managed to secure with her, several times each day; and Geoffrey soon found himself watching the progress of this ill-omened love-making with a

species of ugly fascination. By what spell was it that the ill-looking, groesque and ghost-like Italian gradually established a rule over the bitter and reckless girl, who visibly paled with aversion when his hand touched hers, and shrunk back appalled when his keen black eyes, sparkling with weird fire, probed hers? How strange it was to note the gradual and stealthy removing of conventional

barriers, and the shortening of the distance between the ill-assorted pair!

Once Geoffrey came upon Vulpino and Godiva standing together under the wall of the ruined tower, the gay morning sun streaming full upon his devilish head and her seraphic one, the black and the gold drawn close to each other. They were gazing silently into each other's eyes. Vulpino held one of Godiva's slender hands poised on his own finger-tips; he had slipped upon the arched white wrist a flexible golden Neapolitan bracelet, in the favorite design of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and its back-bone incrusted with emeralds and

As Geoffrey walked past, looking fixedly upon the strange pair, Godiva seemed to awake from a trance. She slowly, and with a visible effort, removed her eyes from Vulpino's, and a sigh came deep and tremulous up from the depths of her heart.

"Keep your heirloom for your bride, then, Signore Vulpino; what have I to do with it?" she muttered, haughtily, and snatching the bracelet off her wrist she forced it into his hand and rapidly vanished into the tower.

Vulpino turned a look fraught with cold triumph upon Geoffrey. "Struggle she may as she please," said he,

smoothly running the bracelet round and round in his hard black fingers, "she weel note escappa—her destiny.'

'Do you expect to induce her to break with Rufus Marshall?" asked Geoffrey, unable, in spite of her wickedness, to subdue a pang of pity for the miserable alternatives which lay before the helplessly bound adventuress.

"Rufus, ha! ha!" laughed Vulpino, in his

low, oily voice, while his snaky black eyes gleamed green fire. "Do you note understand thees about pretta mees—dat she s'all bow down only to ze master spirit-note ever to heem who comes second? As long as Rufus, he was head, mees think, 'Yes, I s'all be queen;' bote—Rufus, he ees heemselfs deceive; I am head; I know a great something weech mees herself knows note; I say, 'Come, proud amica, marry Vulpino and he weel unbosom.' And she weel yet say, 'Yes, great chief; I weel marry you.' Rufus—ha! ha! ha!" and the diabolic laughter slid out once more at the mere name of such an insignificant rival. Geoffrey hurried back to his uncle. He felt

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

THANKS to Vulpino's zeal, Geoffrey's devotion, and Derwent's relief from anxiety, in the course of a week the invalid was able to be dressed and to move about his room leaning on his fathful nephew's shoulder. The wounds in his shoulder were healing without fever; and the stupefying effects of the poison he had absorbed were gradually disappearing under Vulpino's skillful treatment. The wound caused by the dog's fangs had been thoroughly cauterized half an hour after it was inflicted, and had ceased to cause the invalid any uneasiness

He saw distinctly that this wound had only been inflicted that there might be a reason sufficiently plausible to excuse the mysterious removal of Mr. Derwent from the public's sight, and his speedy and secluded death; of course if he died of hydrophobia who would expect to be admitted to see the dreadful spectacle? And the false report that his co-heirs had taken him to France as a last hope, was well calculated to satisfy the most carping gossip that all had been done by his heirs to save the rich man that could be done; and if, after all, he died abroad and was brought home in a sealed casket to the family vault at Dornoch, also poor mutilated remains tenderly concealed and dishonor upon a thing so infamous as herfrom every eye, what more could his heirs have

Since Vulpino's change of treatment, and the departure of the Marshalls, Godiva had not entered the sick room. She was once or twice solicited by Vulpino, with much affe vor, to share his weary vigil, while Barber was off duty; but his graphic description of the frightful change in the doomed man, and of his haunting entreaties for mercy, and his paroxysms of excruciating nervous derangement were more than enough to keep Godiva far from that terrible place. And the truth was that one glance at the invalid would have enlightened her. Hope, returning strength, gratified affection, and a nameless interest in the future, as connected with the now nevermentioned American girl, all these were assist ing Mr. Derwent on his feet again, and oblit erating with magical rapidity the signs of his past sufferings.

And every morning when Godiva greeted Vulpino she mutely asked with furtive, yet cruelly eager glance, "Is he dead?' and Vulpino would sigh, shrug one angular shoulder up to his skinny ear, and mumble about certain leathern constitutions that took long to kill, but surely such another night as last must

Monica took longer to recover from her ordeal, though nursed with enthusiastic devotion by Mr. Price, who moved heaven and earth to fetch her all the delicacies her reduced condition demanded, and was never so happy as when he was half-carrying the muffled form of his late adversary up and down the strip of sward under the willows behind Toby's little cottage, and watching the pure cheek redden faintly under the sunny breeze. Cicely, too adored and served Monica, figuratively on her knees. Her romantic situation, her wonderful story, her awful sufferings, and her beauty, goodness and dignity, all conspired to make service a joyous boon to this simple-hearted worshiper. Toby, too, taciturn though he was, and black-browed, fairly gave himself up to the gentle spell of the pure-natured girl; his gnarled features relaxing into genial smiles, and his deep-set eye softening with feeling whenever she addressed him.

Every day Price met Geoffrey by appointment in a hazel copse near the Weald, and brought back to Monica the day's bulletin, but Geoffrey and Monica did not see each other again until Mr. Derwent was pronounced by his all this was a mere holiday parade and not the physician capable of undergoing a little physical exertion, and mental agitation.

The Weald was too gloomy a spot, and too inextricably associated with miserable recollections to be the right place for an invalid to brighten-up in, so as soon as he was strong enough to ride the distance. Geoffrey proposed "You will not respect the flag, then?" enough to ride the distance. Geoffrey proposed moving the scene of his convalescence to Toby's cottage, where Monica awaited her father with Jonathan Brade's confession ready to smooth away all obstacles between them.

It had been resolved that the master of Dornoch-Weald should be concealed with the demnation of all the civilized world!" gamekeeper while the final acts in the great tragedy of his supposed death were being enacted by the three conspirators.

They were to be cheated into running the due length of their chain, that their punish-

ment might be complete. Godiva should suppose herself a double murderess, guilty of the blood of Otto Derwent and | ment I shall inflict!" his daughter Monica; so that Vulpino could command her through his knowledge of her "crook not your little finger for a few mo-

crimes; and the Marshall brothers should believe themselves equally guilty and successful in their schemes, that their downfall might be the more overwhelming afterward.

Geoffrey had dutifully consulted his uncle as to this course, and received his hearty approbation, for it was not to be thought of that the traitors should be allowed to escape unscathed, nor yet that the honor of the haughty house of Derwent should be humbled by publishing abroad the infamy of these unworthy offshoot through the institution of legal proceedings. To punish the guilty and yet spare the innocent from the shame of a public expo ure, became the present aim of Geoffrey's life, and it was thought wisest to compass these ends by following the course indicated.

On the tenth morning after the departure of Rufus and Gavaine, Godiva's sapphire-bright eyes read in the narrow slits cut in the parchment face of Vulpino a more than usually Satanic significance, and a horrible paleness in stantly overspread her charming features, accompanied by a visible shiver. It was exactly as if the door of an ice-filled vault had opened upon Godiva, and a blast of wintry rigor had swept over her. She seemed to shiver, to blench, to wither up to half her size; she stood rooted to the spot before Vulpino, cower-

"Mees's commands dey are obeyed," smirked the poisoner, not afraid to drive the cruel shaft home in the quivering flesh; "de revere oncle, he no more. Povretto zio! He could not take de wealth weeth. Ah, bah! ole Vulpino ze man fore to bring pretta mees into her ortunes!-ole Vulpino he hand and glove weeth king Death; they always work in concert. Rufus win a fortune for pretta mees? Ah, bah! nevare! Rufus notsing bote a stupid coward. Mees weel nevare marry heem! Eh, donna divina?"

Godiva comprehended not a word of this sly harangue; she was face to face with murder, red and reeking, and her very heart seem ed to die within her. It was done. Her bene factor was dead, at her command! Ay, her injury was avenged now, sure enough. would never look upon her again, with that maddening memory of her proffered love lurking in his eye, a gleam of mockery. But, oh, what a little thing to take his life away for!
"Oh, Otto! Otto!" wailed Godiva Montacute,

with a sudden, dreadful cry. Vulpino first stared in quick amazement and curiosity. The woman's eye was rolling, her hands were in her hair, tearing it, she greedily enduring the physical hurts she was inflicting

upon herself; she was almost frenzied. He thought it was fear; he never dreamed it could be love! He flung out his long arms; he dared to catch her to his hungry heart; i was a gruesome embrace, for the man was old particularly misshapen, and had all the unwholesome grotesqueness and uncleanness of the lower classes among foreigners; but she was less a woman at that moment, with dainty flesh and blood to lure and be jured, than a lost soul, giddy and frantic from its first look into the caverns of hell. So she did not repulse him; she let him press her golden head against his rusty bosom where the pulses beat hard and hurried under her ear, and bend his bestial muzzle to her lovely mouth which guivered and gnashed under his insolently, coarselyprolonged kiss. She looked like an angel prisoned in the vile arms of some hateful

She scarcely knew what he was doing, though, for anguish of mind. And I think that even if she had known, she so abhorred the fair, soft body which held her murderous

Then Vulpino put the serpent upon her wrist, and said, loudly and distinctly:

"Mees Montacute, I 'av reesked my life fore to obey you in the death of il signore; I now desire you fore my wife, aving purchasedyou weath his death. You cannot but obey; av your life in my hands, and a word can ruin. I 'ave love you instead; carissima, be

Godiva mechanically released herself from his grasp, and with the vacant, wandering look of an idiot tottered off to her own room. But she carried the serpent on her arm. (To be continued—commenced in No. 389.)

The Scarlet Captain:

The Prisoner of the Tower. A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA. AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION. "THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER SAM," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ASSAULT ON THE TOWER. AT the breech of the gun, trained to bear directly upon the little party clustered under the folds of the Montenegrean flag of truce stood the swarthy Turk, Achmet, reported to be the best gunner in the Moslem service, the lighted match in his hand, awaiting the signal from the renegade to launch forth the deadly storm of iron hail which would surely carry destruction to the little band who had thus dared to boldly beard the lion in his den.

And yet, the Montenegreans quailed not although they fully realized that their lives depended upon the caprice of the wily and uncrupulous Ismail Bey.

"And now, my doughty warriors, what is to prevent me from giving you to the death our insolence so richly merits?" the bey cried. 'I have but to lift my finger and it is your passport to eternity.

"We are under the protection of a flag of truce," the American replied, as calm as though stern reality of bloody war. "A flag of truce!" sneered Ismail; "and

under what rule of war does the commander of regular troops recognize the flag of truce o a band of brigands, for such ye are, and noth-

"No; a few minutes only I give you to pre-pare for the other world, and then, by Allah! I'll hurl your souls to perdition!" cried the

"Bah! what care we for the world? You are rebels-traitors in arms against your law-

ful sovereign; foolishly you have trusted yourself into my hands, and by the Prophet! swear I'll make such an example of you, that all Montenegro shall tremble from the Adriatio to the mountains when she hears of the punish

"Tarry a while!" cried the American, coolly:

ments as a signal to your gunner to apply the waters of the Adriatic, fairest of all the Eu- hazards; he has counted the cost, and determatch; pause and reflect. Are the lives of the Turkish officers and men, a thousand or more, captured in this last fight and now prisoners in the hands of the Montenegreans, of any value to you?"

Quietly and coolly the question had been out, but the force of it struck all the hearers nstantly

The American had the Turk upon the hip. Ismail did not reply, but glared in sullen rage at the bold speaker.

"Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is no child to be trifled with," the American continued. 'He has a goodly number of your men in his hands, among them some officers of high rank; Osman Pasha is one of them. Give your sig-nal to your gunner—blaze away with your cannon, send us headlong to the other world and when the morning dawns, every tree with-in sight of this old tower will bear witness to the vengeance of the prince, my master, in the shape of a strangled Turk dangling from the end of a long rope. We will die like men and soldiers, but your comrades, in retaliation, will be hanged like thieves and murderers.

"Your leader will never dare!" cried Ismail, in rage, for he perceived that the bold speaker

"Oh, will he not?" retorted the American, scornfully; "try him and see. I was doubtful about how a flag of truce would be received after the terrible thrashing we gave you so lately, but the prince quickly reassured me. 'If they fire upon the flag,' said he, 'I'll hang every Turkish scoundrel within my lines at sunrise! Tell them so if they manifest a disposition to be ugly.

"The life of Osman Pasha is worth more than all the men in the Montenegrean land! the renegade cried, sullenly; "and lest your leader, blind in the intoxication of his temporary triumph, should be tempted to harm him, I will reconsider my determination and let you go unharmed; but send me no more flags, for I give you fair warning I will fire upon the next one the instant it gets within range. You have our answer to your insolent demand; while one stone remains upon another, or a oldier is left to man the walls, we shall hold

The American bowed his head, the trumpet sounded, and the Montenegrean party rode off, none of them sorry, to tell the truth, that they

were well out of their perilous position.

And then the renegade and his men prepared for the attack which they felt sure would

ome at break of day. It was plain that the tower was entirely surrounded, and that the Montenegreans were taking advantage of the darkness to get their guns in position so as to be ready to open fire with the first ray of light in the morn-

When the wily renegade had selected the cower as the abode of the Countess of Scutari, he had taken all due precautions. It had been o well strengthened and armed that the bey felt secure in its power to resist any force the Montenegreans could bring against it. That orce could not exceed three thousand men. Within ten days, or two weeks at the outside, Mukhtar Pasha could easily gather together an army of eight or ten thousand men in Albania, by drawing from the fortified posts, and when Mukhtar advanced, the Montenegreans must either fight or fly

And as the midnight hour drew nigh, the watchful ears of the renegade caught what seemed to be the moving of heavy artillery. Instantly he guessed what the insurgents were up to; they were getting their guns in posi-

Under the cover afforded by the dark woods the Montenegreans were arranging their forces. "Shell the woods!" was Ismail's command. Elevate the guns and get as great a range as possible. Give them a shell every ten minutes in a half circle from sea to sea.

And thus the action began. All night long the screaming shells whistled through the air. Not a gun replied from the Montenegrean's side; it was plain the insurgents were endeavoring to mask their

Morning came at last, and two hours after daybreak the attack began. Despite the random shelling of the previous night the Montenegreans had succeeded in get-

ting their guns into position, and opened a heavy fire upon the tower. Until late in the afternoon the artillery due! lasted, but the advantages were decidedly on

the side of the besieged.

Two of the Montenegrean guns had burst, three had been disabled by the fire from the tower; a severe loss to the insurgents, for they were not rich in artillery, and they had not succeeded in making a breach in the walls, although the old gray stones showed plainly that the fire had been a severe one.

"Aha!" cried Ismail, in triumph, as the as sailants' fire gradually slackened, and gun after gun withdrew from the contest, "unless you are gifted with wings like birds, my bold fel-lows, you will never take the old tower of Dulcigno!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A FEARFUL FATE AGAIN the night had come, and peace once ore reigned around the old tower

In the large apartment, the windows of hich overlooked the sea, the two ladies sat. All day long they had been confined, close prisoners, to their apartments, a sentinel posted at the door by Ismail's orders.

Briefly he had condescended to explain his easons for the precaution to the two ladies.
"We are about to have a battle," he said; these bold gentlemen without are going to test the goodness of our artillery and the strength of our walls. Hard knocks will be given and received; ball and shell are no respecters of persons, and if either of you ven-ture to the walls, you are as likely to be hit as any soldier of the garrison, and I feel too much nterest in you to permit you to expose your-self to needless danger."

Vainly the two protested that they were willing to take the chances; the renegade lisened to them with an icy smile, but posted his sentinel all the same.

"Oh, no!" he had muttered, as the sound of the guns called him to the walls, and he had hurriedly quitted the apartment occupied by "no random shot-no exploding shell although aimed by the hands of your country men, fair countess, shall tear you from me; even grim death is a rival I defy!

And so in the seclusion of their apartment the ladies had remained all day long, listening to the sounds of war. For a time the cannonading had been quite

fierce, and the prisoners, their hopes rising and sinking with every fresh discharge, speculated vainly as to which way the fortunes of the day were tending. From the windows of the apartment they commanded a view of the sea only, and therefore were debarred from all sight of the con-

But when the sun began to sink in the blue

ropean seas! and the fierce artillery duel gradually slackened, hope sprung up afresh within the hearts of the prisoners.

'Do you not see that the fire is slackening? Catherine exclaimed. "My life upon it, the guns of the castle have been silenced by the Montenegrean batteries—a breach, perhaps, made in the walls, and soon the storming-party will advance to the attack, and then we shall be rescued from the power of this base rene-

"Pray Heaven that your guess is truth!" Alexina replied, fervently.

And then the two waited and watched Slowly the sun sunk, disappeared, all robed n crimson, gold and Tyrian purple, and the shades of eventide began to gather.

The stillness of death reigned without. No ounds of war now, no hoarse clang of trumpets, loud roll of drums, nor deep-mouthed belowing of roaring cannon.

The hearts of the two girls seemed to still within their bosoms as they lingered in this awful suspense. And as the sable gloom of night descended on the earth, into the apartment came servants bearing lights, and at their back walked the Turkish leader.

A single glance at the stern and haughty face of Ismail Bey, and both the prisoners, with womanly apprehension, realized that the fortunes of the day had gone against the assailants. The castle had resisted the attack. The servants retired, and the renegade

oolly helping himself to a chair, surveyed the napless maidens. I come to satisfy your curiosity," he said.

"Yes?" Catherine was as distant and haughty as though for the last eight hours she nad not been stretched upon the rack of appre

"The Montenegreans opened fire on us early this morning and the attack lasted until two hours ago. It was signally unsuccessful Their guas failed to make any impression upon our works, while on our part, our artillery in flicted severe damage upon them. In fine, we have silenced their fire and compelled them to withdraw from the attack; therefore, countess, give up all hope of r scue, for you are as securely in my power as though you were in my palace at Constantinople.

Catherine did not reply, but with a look of haughty contempt turned away and gazed out of the window upon the dark surface of the

welling wave. With the coming of the night the storm-king ad marshaled his battalions across the sky hiding the light of the moon, and not even a single star had strength to pierce the dark

vail. As dark as that stormy sky was the future

of the Scutari countess. "For a week or ten days this rabble can amuse themselves by battering away at these old walls, but strong as they are old," Ismail continued, "and then Mukhtar Pasha will bring up his legions and we'll sweep like a swarm of

ocusts over the Montenegrean land!" "Perhaps!" Catherine exclaimed, scornfully provoked into speech. "When heaven levels the Duga Pass, when she makes the mountains of Montenegro as flat as the Albanian plains, takes the bold heart and the strong arm of the mountaineer from him and reduces him to the condition of a peaceful shepherd, like the slaves of the South, the passive subjects of Turkish tyranny, then, and not till then, will the cresent sweep in triumph over the mountain land!

The bey had watched the face of the inspired girl, kindled into fresh beauty by her xcitement, with an admiring eye. "By Allah!" he cried, "you are worthy to be a warrior's bride. Every word you speak ncreases my admiration. And now that all

barriers between us are removed, I pant with impatience for the hour which makes you "That hour will never come!" cried the

countess, quickly. Be not so sure of that!" Ismail replied, dark and scornful smile of triumph upon his face. "All obstacles between us are removed I can make you mine now with a free con-You are the ward of the sultan, his subject, and I, as his officer, have power to be stow your hand whether you are willing or To-morrow our marriage-rites shall be elebrated."

"To-morrow!" Catherine exclaimed in hor

"Ay, to-morrow," the renegade answered firmly. "It is useless to idle time away: week, a month, or a year hence, will find you no more willing.

'But you forget I am already married." "Did I not say that all obstacles were re This adventurer who, like a knight of the olden time, terms himself the Scarlet Captain, like the foolhardy ruffian that he vas, has risked his life once too often. He fell the gulf, dark as the shades of hell. during the attack to-day."

The countess had listened incredulously, and the Turkish commander perceived at once that his story was doubted.

'You do not believe it?"

"When our marriage rites are solemnized to-morrow, perhaps you will then. "Such a ceremony would be only a mock

"Since it gives me the prize I have toiled long years to gain, I shall not complain," the renegade retorted, coolly.

"You will not dare to commit such an outrage." Catherine exclaimed, spiritedly, all her angry blood flaming in her veins. "Even the sultan, your master, careless as he is of the world's opinion, will hesitate before he sanctions such an infamous attack upon the de scendant of one of the oldest houses in Europe

arms to avenge such an affront upon a helpless "That remains to be seen," the renegade re plied, not in the least disturbed by the threat. At present the hour is mine, and, let the future bring what it will, by Allah! I will im- but yet he may be far otherwise. prove the opportunity! To-morrow makes you he use the power which, willfully, reckle sly, I mine for this world, although the act sends me gave him? He has sworn never to claim the to the other straightway!"

And then the trickster withdrew, leaving behind him consternation, if not despair. Dark as the stormy night without was the future now to Scutari's countess.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BRAVE DEVICE.
"Oh, he will never dare!" Alexina exclaim-"You think that he will?" Catherine bowed her head sadly

'But such a terrible outrage! 'Look at the man's past life and see how many vile deeds lie at his door," the countess responded. "Times have changed, too, now: we live not in the ancient days when the wrongs of a helpless woman borne abroad on the free winds would bring gallant men from all parts of the world to espouse her cause and avenge her wrongs. We are here, closely confined in this old castle, surrounded by men devoted to this villain. I see plainly that he has made up his mind to make me his prey, at all

mined to risk everything to gain his purpose. He will force me into this marriage in spite of all that I can do; neither prayers nor threats will turn him from his purpose, and once the marriage is accomplished what can I do? He will tell his story to the world, and swear that I willingly agreed to the union-have supple tools to back his false oath; he will keep me in close confinement, and you, too, my poor Alexina, for you know too much to be allowed to go freely. The only hope I had was that the Montenegreans might be able to capture the

"Bu do you believe his story that the attack has failed?'

"Yes; there I think he spoke the truth: everything confirms it," the countess replied, sadly. "There was ample time after the cannonading ceased for the attacking force to assault if they had succeeded in making a breach in the walls. No, he spoke the truth; the tower was too strong and the attack failed."

"A second may be more successful." Naturally light-hearted and sanguine Alexina grasped at every chance.

"Perhaps; but you forget that my fate will be sealed in the morning." "Do you believe that the Scarlet Captain is

dead?" asked the foster-sister, abruptly. "No, I do not; the story was but a *ruse* on the part of this evil-minded man to make me

think myself utterly helpless."

"If the Scarlet Captain is alive, then, dear Catherine, you will be rescued!" Alexina cried, confidently. "He loves you; I am sure of it; and he will move heaven and earth to save

The countess smiled. 'Silly child, what can this poor young man, this nameless adventurer, whose only fortune is probably his sword, do against the power of is probably his sword, do against the power of this Turkish bey, the governor of Albania, and one of the highest officers in the Turkish service? A favorite, too, of the new sultan, I have heard, although when I heard the matter discussed, I little thought that Ismail Bey was my renegade cousin, John Belina, or that within so short a time he

within so short a time he would exercise such a powerful influence over my fortunes."
"The Scarlet Captain loves you, and that love will give him power to baffle even the schemes of so great a man as this wicked rene-

gade!" Alexina persisted. The countess shook her head.

"You do not believe it!" "No; you are a romantic child, and this problem is one of real life. I married this unknown gentleman hastily, foolishly perhaps. I was desperate—ready to adopt any course to defeat the plans of this base villain, who had o cunningly entrapped me. I thought that the marriage would terminate the persecution, but it has proved otherwise.

Alexina approached and twined her arms caressingly about Catherine 'Oh, my poor sister, the future seems dark

indeed." "Yes, like yonder sky no star shines through the clouds, but there is one way to escape from the pursuit of this man, who is more hateful to me than the meanest, crawling reptile that exists upon the earth.

"And that is?" "Were I dead should be free!" Gloomy was the tone of the girl but full of determina-

"Oh, Catherine, you would not die?" "And why not? Is not death preferable to a life linked to a man whom I abhor?" "But death—and you are so young—the fu-

ture seemed all so bright." "Yes, but my fortunes have changed, and I would gladly welcome death rather than the fate that now lies before me. My mind is fully made up. Unless kind Heaven, who now seems to frown so bitterly upon me, sends some means of escape, if I am forced into this hated union, sooner than submit myself a helpless victim to this vile traitor, I will leap from yonder window into the sea. Rather a grave beneath the blue waters of the Adriatic than life

with Ismail Bey! "Oh! it would be a fearful leap!"

And the two girls with sad faces approached the window and gazed out upon the stormy night. Black as ink was earth, sea and air; dark and sullen the rain-drops fell upon the surface of the troubled waters. So dark the night that one could scarcely see a hand's readth before.

The sullen swash of the waves below, beating upon the rocks whereon the castle was founded, came audibly to the ears of the imprisoned ladies, and to their gloomy imagination, forcibly impressed by the time and the hour, the doleful sound seemed like the wail of some unquiet spirit.

Alexina shuddered as she looked down into "Oh, Catherine, to find death there! It would be too horrible!" she exclaimed, her soul full of terror.

"To find death anywhere is dreadful unless one is weary of life, and then death comes like slumber to the tired worker. To die is but to

The very thought makes me sick at heart.' "The prospect before me is so dark and hateful that I am sick to the soul whenever I think of it, and yet, try as I will, I cannot keep my thoughts from the subject. See in what a terrible situation I am placed. If no unforeseen accident—and it seems hopeless to look for one -occurs. I shall be sacrificed to the fierce passion of this hated renegade; then naught but death is left to me, for death under such circumstances would indeed be a blessing; but, if I should escape, if heaven at the eleventh hour should interpose to save me, what then lies be-All the Christian world will surely take up fore me? I shall be free from the power of this vile man, but foolishly I have bound myself to an unknown adventurer; | am the wife of the Scarlet Captain; who is he? do you know, or I, or anybody else? No: he is a soldier of fortune; he seems like a gentleman, rights of a husband; the ceremony was to be a marriage only in name, but what security have that he will keep his word? Why did he marry me? What was his object? Ah, Alexina, if I should escape from the power of this mongrel Turk, I fear that this Scarlet Captain

might prove to be fully as hard a tyrant."
"Oh, no!" Alexina protested, full of confidence; "I will not believe it! He has a noble face; and then, too, my American declared that he was a prince in heart!"

The countess shook her head. "You do not believe that he is a gentle-

"Oh, I do not know! Alexina, I am on a rock; relief must come soon or I shall go mad!" Catherine exclaimed, pressing her cold hands wildly upon her burning temples, just as a missile came hurtling through the murky air without and entered the apartment.

It was an arrow, with a note firmly affixed (To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)





Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

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Mary Grace Halpine's beautiful and strong story, "A HEART HISTORY; OR, BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET!" will soon commence. It is sure to be received with pleasure.

A Suggestion.

WE not infrequently receive letters like the following, which comes to us from Cambridge, Mass.—right under the shadows of old Harvard:

Could you publish the SATURDAY JOURNAL semi weekly? I am almost positive that you could sell them while they contain such magnificent stories. Why, after I read the Saturday Journal, I can hardly rest until the next one comes out. There are quite a number in Cambridge that would be so glad that they would forget to buy the other weekly papers (I for one.)

A semi-weekly story paper would not be a bad idea, but is hardly feasible. It takes so much care, work, and skill, to produce one such paper as the SATURDAY JOURNAL, per week, that a semi weekly issue would be indeed pressing work. We are happy to know the paper excites so much interest and admiration. An excellent class of readers we certainly cater for, and it is our pleasure to produce the best that our best writers can do. For the fall and winter we have some unusually fine things "on the hooks," which will give readers unbounded satisfaction.

Sunshine Papers.

Tooth and Teeth Comforts.

PERHAPS you have had some, occasionally It depends altogether upon the state of your incisors, cuspids, bicuspids, and molars; that is, scientifically speaking. In plain King's English, you have had, or have not had, blissful experiences, as your teeth are sound or otherwise. With too many people, in these days of degeneracy, teeth are not the summum bonum which have resisted the universal tendency and many a happy individual has fully experienced that sort of bliss to which I refer.

And it is bliss, is it not? Surely no one is thinking of disagreeing with me concerning the like heaven, we are not sure we shall have, and use of descriptive terms. Why, just remember how happy you are, yourself, and how much amusement you afford the family, when ly too cheap if it could be had just for the askquietly working away upon a piece of "porter house," absorbing the rich juices and meantime listening attentively to the instructive discourse of some noted guest, and a tiny shred of the steak goes where you can see no need for it touching an exposed nerve. How you jump for joy. And in hastily raising your napkin, to hide the grimaces you are making, how And in hastily raising your napkin gracefully you upset the contents of your goblet into your plate, drop your fork upon the floor, and your greasy knife on the lovely cardinal stripe of your new, morning, princesse robe The guest looks surprised at your performances and as if marveling for what reason you interrupted his picturesque description of his travels in South Africa; and, having become somewhat confused, fails to proceed as fluently as he commenced, and avoids all further notice of you as of incarnated evil. Two of the children giggle outright, and all of the family smile, and you-oh! how you appreciate their sympathy

it not bliss to have that tooth, or some other, grumble gently all day, and ache fiercely all night? Does it not give you a chance to take quantities of nice things-myrrh and oil of cloves, camphor and R. R. R., creosote and tobacco, brandy and raw alcohol? Are not your lips in a pretty condition, and does not your mouth feel good in the morning? And does not the tooth behave as if it thought the matter a good joke, and the fun of the thing was to ache harder than ever?

And these experiences lead you on to still more joyful ones, blissful hours with the den-In him you find another sympathetic mortal. How hard he tries to give you pleas-What amusing little tricks he has of jamming cords of wood between your teeth, digging and scraping at them with little crochet-hooks, and occasionally playfully dropping one of these half down your throat or running it through your gum. With what thrilling sensations of pleasure do you feel yourself pervaded, as he drops cold water up on a sensitive tooth and then long and musical ly plies his file. Is it not fun to have him put gutta percha, just off boiling heat, into a new ly-cleaned cavity, and lay bare a nerve, and apply poison to it, dropping a little on the lips blister them, and gently extract a particle of nerve not yet dead? Do you not enjoy having him cram your mouth full of paper, and two or three napkins, with a cable-cord around your tooth, and then stretch it a little wider by prying against it with a steel bar, while with another he hammers in the gold?

And when he is through with you do you not feel as though you were a distant relative of the famous Alexander, and could weep that there were no more—teeth to fill? are you not wishing each day, as you sit at the table, that something would happen to afford you all your past happiness over again?

To be sure, what dear, darling, interesting things teeth are, and how prolific of affording one pleasure. Is there any person so rash as to deny their power to yield to their possessors all manner of covetable experiences in the way of bliss? For aside from all the happiness we have suggested, there remains a supreme joy still unmentioned—paying the dentist's bill

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

UNCLE JOSH'S SAYINGS.

Some years ago, before I aspired to the dignity of an essayist, and inflicted my random thoughts on a very kind, indulgent, and long-suffering public, there used to dwell, in our village, an old man whom we called "Uncle Josh," and who was always full of homely and quaint axioms, many of which were of his own composition. How well I remember his features, the silvered head and twinkling eye, though I was but a mere child then.

How long ago was that, Eve?
That has nothing to do with the subject, and you were mean to interrupt me when I was going to give you specially good advice. When Uncle Josh heard persons boasting of

how much money they were giving away in charity, how sure they were of getting into heaven, how particularly good they were and how vile the rest of the world was-bragging of how much they had done toward reforming what was vile, and always willing to aid what was moral and good—showing that they considered themselves of a little better clay than the rest of mortality, and that, when they died, they were to have a private apartment of their own in heaven, where none but those of their own set could enter, he would just twinkle his eye and say: "Don't publish your own obituary notices, and don't put up your tombstones until you are dead; your riends and neighbors might have something to say." For Uncle Josh had wandered through many a graveyard and seen these grandilo-quent epitaphs, and if he did not believe in them he had good reason for his distrust. Once he stopped before a magnificent pile of marble upon which, in letters of gold, were words of the most laudatory character as to the merits of the deceased, applying virtues to him which he never possessed. It spoke of his generosity, when he was well-known to have been a miser, and it spoke of his Christian charity, when he was never known to shelter one poor being from the cold. He left his money to purchase this monument, and only gave the rest to his relatives, because he could not take it with him. As Uncle Josh read the lines he looked at the name again, for he felt sure he must have made a mistake, as this epitaph was not applicable to him who was underneath, and, when he found he was sure of the name, he jus leaned on his cane and said: "Humph! God doesn't like dead lies any more than He does

iving ones. He was never over-fond of those persons who vere so sure and so positive that they were in the right and every one else in the wrong; that their knowledge was so very extensive and who were so over-free in giving their ad-

Do I think he would like my preaching? Now, Tom, you just stop interrupting. If you don't want to hear of Uncle Josh, just stop your ears or go out and torment the goat, next

As I was saying, he was not over-fond of those who were forever telling people what to do and what not to do—pointing out the flaws in other characters and acting generally as public investigators and censors—he would say:
"Don't complain of the carelessness of your neighbor for not mending his fence while your own is broken, and while you're telling a stranger which road to take, better go along with him to see if you know the path yourself."

When people worried because death was the lot of all, and said: "It is so horrible to think that we have got to give our body to the worms ere we get to heaven," he would simply reply: "Worms cannot eat the soul."

Once he asked a person if she did not want to go to heaven? and she answered: "Yes, if I didn't have to die." Uncle Josh's remark was: "We want a great many things that, we have to take a great many things, like death, that we don't want. Heaven would be entire

He disliked to see people do good because it ras not inconvenient to do so, and because it did not put them out of their way. Indeed he was so perversely old-fashioned that he thought it enhanced the beauty of a charitable act when one did put himself out of his way to perform it, and he detested those who gave unwillingly, begrudgingly, and as though they were forced to do it. He would say: "Hand your meat to the beggar; it will taste sweeter than f you throw it at him.'

But the good old man is in his grave, and I often think if his maxims were "cross-grained they were not the less true, and it wouldn't hurt some of us to consider them in our daily round of duty. I give them to you as I heard them from his lips, and, if they prove useful to you, I know his eye must twinkle on you, but you must give credit for the advice to him, and EVE LAWLESS. not to

Foolscap Papers.

Grand Band Tournament.

Our little village had long been pining for music. It ached for it, and I thought a few thoughts, and arrived at the conclusion that if would get up a band tournament I could satisfy the people on the musical question, so I offered several grand prizes, and on a still day when there was not much wind in the air, we had forty-three bands who brought their own

wind. We had all kinds of bands. There was the Contra-band, the Hat-band, the Band-of-hus-bands, the Banditta-band, the Midnight-band, and the Brass-band, besides various other

There never was so much brass in town be fore, although it is noted for it, and it was ob served that there was rather more than the usual amount of cheek displayed, and the amount of blowing was somewhat augmented

The whole forty-three bands played at once in the public square, each on a different piece and the effect was tremendous. There had never been so much wind raised in town be fore; but I found that by that mode of playing I-although I have a good large ear-could not well tell which played the best-or the

worst. The windows rattled, and the glass rained down very lively, but the volume of music was forty thousand gallons a minute, and was too much to take in. The music disturbed the country people, so it was decided to have each band play a piece separately before the undersigned as I sat there with cotton in my ears.

The Cross-roads band played the "Sweet By-and-By" with a good deal of atmospheric pressure, blowing more notes out of their in truments than you would ever think were in These notes rattled around my head in them. regular battle manner, and if I had not dodged he large notes I would have been killed.

The air was so full of notes the sun could not shine; it was perfectly bazy. If some of the superfluous members had played as they let on to, the noise would have been destruc-tive to ears. This band had several members

who let on as if they were playing when they knew nothing about the harmony or the manu facture of music, and only exhibited their

The Bantam band played a march. It was very moving; it moved most of the audience away. If they had only marched away to the tune themselves it would have been a happy event. The bass horn player split his cheek but it was afterward sewed up. The B flat horn got two bars of notes stuck in its throat and in a desperate effort the whole load was discharged and the instrument bursted The trombone player rammed the bone or the trom so far down his throat that he had to be carried away. The man who blew the cymbals got so far behind the time that in the crash to catch up the cymbals were reduced to bits of tinkling brass, not big enough to trepan

The few people who were left were so tired ver that march that they said it was forty miles long over a rough road, and were over-

oyed that it was done. The Bangtown band played Hail Columbia with a good deal of the hail in it. That was about the only tune they could play, and they couldn't play that. In the midst of the piece the bass drummer struck the second bass on the nose; he dodged and rapped the cornet player over the head, who stumbled and punched the kettle drummer in the stomach, who stabbed the clarionet player in the eye with one of his sticks, and he kicked the cornet player by mistake. This rumpus caused the piece to stop before they had got to the Columbia part, and they gathered up their pieces, gathered in their wind, and left disrusted

The Wyndie band broke out with "Skidmore Guards," but as some of the members hadn't the notes they followed suit with "Mulligan Guards." The triangle player getting too close to the bass horn had his eye blown out, and his cap lodged over the mouth of an other horn which effectually shut off its music although the unconscious player frantically blew with all his might, and one of the B flat players in the endeavor to blow a big note oursted all the buttons off his coat.

The Brass mounted band of Sluggsville sent the Star Spangled Banner through the heavens and surrounding vicinity in all directions, but the bass drum exploded under the pressure, and the cornet stepped on the toe of the tuba and several strains of the piece were omitted by particular request. The whole piece was concluded by one grand blast, which made me think it was the most blasted band I had ever

The Miggsville band were all drunk by popular consent, and each one began playing hi own favorite tune without the time, and with the variations, but they played thunder better than any other tune. Two of them were without their note-books, and played the astronom cal notes out of the March column of last year's almanacs, which were very windy. The ophicleide player was noticed to be suck ing in more than he blew out, and on examination it was found that he had his horn filled with lager beer at a neighboring grocery, and was enjoying the fluid music in a fine way It was decided that this band had too many extra horns, and that it contained too many dead beats to the measure, although the mea sure was altogether liberal. It was the fullest and on the ground.

The Stringtown band was then announced, and he came up in fine order. He was composed of a hand-organ, and played "Tommy, make room for your Uncle," in such fine style there wasn't a dry mouth in the audience. The noise was not so deafening as that made by other bands, and it was decided on the spot go give him the first prize, which a monkey received from the hands of the president, with the utmost show of courtesy and respect.

As the brass instruments of the Bigtown and had all been pawned at the hotel and a tion, they tried to come up to him with sec tions of gas-pipe, rain-spouts and stove-pipe, fondly thinking that they could play a tune on anything which they could blow, if it was a cup of coffee. They were expert musicians but they failed on the high notes, although they were high themselves. The stove-pipe made too bass music, the rain-spout sent all the music up the spout, and the gas-pipe piped but dolorously; the band moved off on a dray, and t was observed that they played smash better than any other tune.

Band after band expanded their bellowses and marched up and played some favorite tune of—theirs, and the air had such a drain on it in town that the suction caused a hurricane in the county, and several houses were destroyed. There was so much air consumed that you couldn't get enough to make a respectable breath. It took a week to get atmosphere enough to supply the necessities of life, and then our people had not enough to spare to use in blowing each other up.

To one band that was unable to come I gave a large prize. It fairly earned it. It afforded

the greatest satisfaction In the night, when I thought the thing was about over, thirty bands clustered around my door to give me a serenade. I'd much prefer a cannonade. There was not a whole pane of glass in the house, nor a sound dish in the cupboard. I hid in the cellar.

The survivors in the town, the next day, called an indignation meeting and politely requested me to disband and not bring any more storms of music into the vicinity, or they would be obliged to treat me to an excursion by rail. They resolved (whereas) if I wanted any more brass music for private use, I could get a gong and retire to the private shades of ny own cellar, and have it with all the varia-

But, if I reflect rightly, I want no more softly breathed brass-band music myself for more than a week. Very quietly yours, more than a week. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

FEMALE SOCIETY. - All men who avoid female society, says Thackeray, have dull per-ceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of bil-liard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man can derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be re spectful to her. The habit is of great good to our morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish

Topics of the Time.

—King Kalakaua loves to talk of his visit to this country, and says that since he has had time for quiet reflection he cannot but be impressed with the immensity and simplicity of the United

The Chinamen are really becoming Americanized very rapidly. Three of them have been admitted to citizenship in Massachusetts, and three more have been arrested for murder in California California.

-A drayman in Davenport, Iowa, who has been a hard worker for twenty years, and is still at it, owns eight good dwelling houses and has \$5,000 in the bank. Another drayman, who got trusted for his dray twenty-three years ago, retired four years ago worth \$30,000.

—M. Fautrat asserts that wooded land receives more rain than bare land in its immediate neighborhood. Pine forests attract more moisture than other forests. Pine trees also retain in their branches more than half the rain which falls on them, while leafy trees permit more than half of the rainfall to reach the earth immediately. ediately.

—Wm. Perkins, the champion walker of England, in reply to the challenge of Lester A. Dole of New Haven, America, says he will give any man in the world one minute and a quarter start in one hour's walking, or he will stake £400 to £200 that he walks the extraordinary distance of eight miles and a quarter in one

—The following order from General Israel Putnam has recently been discovered among the archives in the Pennsylvania State Capitol. It is written on a scrap of paper, evidently the fly-leaf of a book, and is penned in a legible, bold round hand, and reads as follows: "You are to send 1,000 rations to the barroks for the yous of the hashons. Israel Putnam. To Mr. franks. December 30, 1776."

—The long-expected paragraph English Bible, repared by Canon Girdleston, is passing through ne press of the British and Foreign Bible Sone press of the British and Foreign Bible So-ety. The prose portions are paragraphed ac-ording to the sense. The poetic parts are arranged in the same manner as modern poetry. The Psalms are divided into strophes and stanzas, and where they are acrostic or alphabetical the fact is indicated by the Hebrew initials.

-The soil of the land in the vicinity of Puge Sound is found to be surprisingly fertile, rivaling that of California in its ability to present the farmer with enormous vegetables. A cabbage was recently discovered which weighed one hundred and eight pounds, and a turnip five feet two and one-half inches in circumference, which pulled down the scales to one hundred and twelve pounds.

—Some time since a young girl threw a bot-tle containing her name and address into the Ohio river. It was found by a youth, and a marriage is the result. This seems, at first sight, not very objectionable, but the Paducah News has been thrown into a state of lively trepidation from the fear that upon the fact be-coming generally known the navigation of the coming generally known the navigation of the river will be permanently impeded.

-The famous Paul Jones, having resolved to pay his debts, first discharged those which he leemed debts of honor. An artisan, who was one of his creditors, called on him and presented his bill. "I have no money just now, my friend." "But, sir, I know that you paid away fifty pounds this morning and that you have still some left." "Oh, that was a debt of honor!" "Well cir. I will, make mine one also "and so "Well, sir, I will make mine one also," and so saying the man threw his accounts into the fire. Paul paid the debt on the spot.

—Young soapsuds and old nicotine have proved fatal in the case of an English lad at Dartmouth Park. He saw some children blowng soap bubbles on a neighbor's door-step, and ing soap bubbles on a neighbor's door-step, and borrowed a clay pipe from his father, which he soon broke. He then returned for another and his father gave him an old wooden pipe which had been lying on a shelf for a year. In an hour the child was very sick, vomiting and becoming very drowsy and deadly pale. At the end of the third day the little fellow's sufferings came to an end. The physician testified at the inquest that the child died from imbibing nicotine contained in the old wooden pipe.

—Yaou Shan, a Chinese giant, of eight feet, three inches in hight, and still growing, is now on his way to England, where he intends to exhibit himself. He tells a strange story about his marvelous growth. When eighteen years old he was no taller than his companions of that age. One day, however, he caught a strange looking smooth-skinned fish, cooked it and ate it. Soon after this feast he became very sick, and when after several weeks' confinement to his bed, he left it, he discovered that he had grown during the sickness, and has ever since grown during the states, and has ever small in gone on growing. His head is very small in comparison with his hight. This, he says, was caused by his not eating the head of the fish. A dog ate it, and the animal's head grew so large that the Chinese, out of pity, shot the unfortunate creature.

-Wild Bill is buried near Deadwood. The the headboard of his grave is quite a curiosity:

J. B. Hickok, killed by the assassin Jack McCall, Deadwood, Black Hills, August 2d, 1876 Pard, we will meet again In the happy Hunting Ground To part no more. Good bye. "COLORADO

C. H. Utter. In the grave with him are buried all the guns pistols, cartridges, belts, etc., that he died pos

-Dr. Newberry, of Ohio, in an article in Ap —Dr. Newberry, of Ohio, in an article in Appleton's Journal, expresses himself as of the opinion that prairies are the results of a diminished rainfall. In reply to this statement, Dr. Chase, of Kansas, says that, having resided four years in the heart of the minimum rainfall district, lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, he has observed hundreds of magnificent oaks, from one to three feet in disputer, for from perennial streams, but proameter, far from perennial streams, but pro-tected from fires by rocky hillsides; second groves of cottonwood, a water-loving tree, which now are often found thirty feet high, and a foot in diameter; third, groves of young trees, often covering an area of a hundred acres or more, and as thrifty as any among the Cats-kills; fourth, thousands of acres covered with tall, long-jointed grasses, which ten years ago produced nothing but short, wiry buffalo-grass.

—A very pathetic description of the perils of life in the Black Hills, is given in the following extract from the letter of a miner there to his brother living in Nevada: "I've been spending the last week trying to think of some plan which will enable me to get home. If I only had \$500 I could get to Cheyenne, and then it would be easy sailing into civilization. If then it would be easy sailing into civilization. If you send the money by express, the Indians are sure to get it, as they split open a Wells-Fargo oach every few days. If you send it by mall wouldn't get it for months, as the postmaster is off on a big drunk most of the time, and can't read anyhow. Don't send a draft on the bank, as it is liable to bu'st. If you know some friend coming to the Hills, don't trust him with the cash, as he's sure to gamble it all off at Cheyenne, or get robbed at Custer. If you can think of some way of sending the money that it will of some way of sending the money that it will be sure to get here, send it right away; but uncomes to a man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly respectful and attentive.

be sure to get here, send it right away; but unless you are sure don't risk it. Perhaps you had better come yourself and bring it." The brother wrote in reply: "Just borrowed \$12 to settle a board bill." Perhaps you had g it." The brother

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Mabel;" "Lips Which Are Still;"
'Masks;" "Seeking Light;" "The Dream Warnng;" 'The Battle;" "Alone;" "Almost I called
Thee Darling;" "Serenade;" "A Peace Offer-

Declined: "A Dream;" "I Wonder;" "Brotherly Devotion;" "The Unfulfilled Pledge;" "A Pensioner on Faith;" "Trust and Find;" "A New Spelies of Bug;" "Twenty-five Cents Reward;" "The Crip to Todd;" "A Guess at a Mark;" "Old Sponlulicks."

dulicks."

To AUTHORS. We again repeat the injunction—write with black ink. Colored inks—violet, green and blue especially, are the compositor's detestation, being almost illegible on the case under gaslight. And again we repeat—don't write on notesheet in a cramped hand. Fine chirography is one of the seven abominations of authorship that editors and compositors alike dread to confront. L. H. Have answered your query many times in his column. Touch each affected spot with tinc-

this column. ure of iodine. J. P. R. Send no money to the parties named to invest." You'll lose every cent you commit to uch hands, is our opinion.

Tina. Such titles as "Autumn," "A Memory," Time," "Hope," etc., are very trite, common-lace and unsuggestive, and seeing that they have een used ten thousand times, we say no!

F. B. To skeletonize leaves requires patience and delicacy of manipulation. Steep the leaves in rain-water exposed to air and sun until the inner fiber is rotted. It can then be removed.

Louis E. G. We know of no special significance to be attached to the fact mentioned. It is, if anything, a good omen, for animals are very subtle in their instincts and "take to" persons only who are kind and sympathetic.

kind and sympathetic.

HEX. There is no "legal standard" for the weight of loaves of bread. Each baker gives just as little for the money as his conscience will allow or his customers will take. In some countries government compels definite weight.

Tor. We presume the author's name was expunged from the story by the paste and scissors editor of the "patent insides" paper. For some mysterious reason these editors studiously erase all credit to author or source. It is simply an out-

rage.

LUCV V. BLACK says: "If I know a young gentleman, but not his sister, would it be proper for me to call upon her and make her acquaintance?" Not unless she is a new resident of the place, and the brother invit: s you so to do. Otherwise you should ask the gentleman to bring his sister to call upon you.

Vallejo. Query number one we have answered over and over again. To make the eyebrows and lashes grow thick clip their ends once a month with scissors. To promote hair growth use a pomade of cocoa oil, cantharides and oil of bergamot, which any druggist will compound from a Pharmacoposia regime.

recipe.

ALEXANDRIA. The question you asked concerning an ink that will fade away within a few hours of writing with it, we cannot answer. Probably you mean you want an invisible ink. You can make this by mixing equal parts of sal ammoniac and sulphate of copper. When used this will be invisible upon the paper until exposed to heat, when the writing will appear plainly in yellow.

appear plainly in yellow.

CONSTANT READER, Davenport. Almost any good school philosophy will give you necessary information in regard to electricity and magnetism.—It may be proper enough, in sport, to take a young gentleman's glove, but it should be returned. You should not wait for him to send for it. A glove, handkerchief, fan or ring are assumed to be souvenirs de cour, which, if retained, tacitly imply a secre: understanding or affection.

cre: understanding or affection.

MAIME M. Such accidents sometimes produce remote bad results. Use arnica liniment freely, and let some man s hand rub the limb nightly, for its magnetic influence. Nothing is better for muscular or nervous weakness.—Try your strength and test your powers for what is to come by the suggested exercise with your brother. Begin by taking more and more ea h evening, being careful not to overdo. You'll doubtless soon see the good results.

"ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE." You can restore your "ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE." You can restore your linen sham if it is not so scorehed as to have broken. Peel and slice two onions; squeeze or pound out the juice; mix with it half a pint of vinegar, two ounces of fuller's earth, half an ounce of white soap, scraped. Boil this composition well, and when cool spread it upon the scorehed part of the linen, and let it dry on. Afterward wash the linen. This is a valuable recipe for linen injured by careless ironing. ess ironing.

less ironing.

MABEL asks: "Why do some ladies use visiting-cards upon which is Mr. and Mrs. James Green instead of just their own name? How many cards do you leave at a house where there is a large family?" It is customary, now, for young married ladies to use the cards you mention, when returning their wedding calls, during the first year of their married life, and when making wedding calls upon other brides.—Leave a card for each member of the family that you ask to see you ask to see.

C.S. E. Come to examine the manuscript we find it so blindly written that errors were unavoidable. If you expect correct print you must send plain copy. We have not the time nor the patience to travel over illegible manuscript to make it good copy. If manuscript is not fit to send to the com positor without the editor's revision it is usually ejected for that reason alone. Too many correct and legible contributions await his ready reading to nake it necessary to ponder over ill-written pages. see what is said above "To Authors."

See what is said above "To Authors."

B. B. S. C. White is a negative, or no color, as contradistinguished with black, which represents the absence of all color. White is the product of all the combined rays of the prism. By "natural colors" you probably mean the primary colors which are generally assumed to be seven, viz.: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet; but it is now admitted by scientists that several of these are secondary, or the product of the others. Dr. Young asserts that red, green and violet are the fundamental colors. See any good school philosophy.

phy.

ADDIE THOMPSON says: "Will you tell me how long mourning should be worn for a parent; and how soon after the death a daughter may marry; and if a public wedding is allowable, if the entire time of mourning is over? How many cards are inclosed for a church wedding with reception?" Mourning is worn one year for a parent; three months deep mourning; three months silk trimmed with crape, and black lawn collars and cuffs; the seventh month, plain black without crape and black gloves and ornaments; the eighth and ninth months plain black with gray gloyes, and gold, silver, pearl

quires mourning to be worn for persons distantly connected by marriage.

Nellie E. M. writes: "You tell others how to do so many pretty things, will you inform a city grl how she can make two parlors look pretty for the winter? Also, how to prepare autumn leaves for varnishing?" If you have any country friends, ask them to gather you some garlands of clematis, bittersweet, p. ds of milk-weed, the red seed-pods of wild roses, grasses, and the red berries that are used with evergreens. Go to the parks and pick and press ferns and autumn leaves. Garlands of clematis, over pictures, are very white, feathery and graceful, with a few sprays of red berries added. Fling garlands of Florida moss (sold by all florists) over chandeliers and window-ledges, pictures, then add bunches of grasses, leaves, ferns, berries, etc. The Hartford fern, which may be bought, ready pressed, is a lovely decoration, fastened in long sprays by bits of white sheet-wax. Autumn leaves may be arranged in bouquets upon window-curtains, or made in garlands with fine wire.—With "relief-pictures," and pottery paint and varnish, make handsome jardiniers out of large-sized red earthen flower-pots, for corners, stands, and fronts of grates, and fill with winter bouquets.—No preparation for autumn leaves is needed, but a few weeks pressing in books.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE SINGER.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

She sat at the instrument,
And her graceful head was bent,
And her cheeks were red as fire,
And again as white as snow,
And her voice was faint and low,
Nor could she raise it higher.

Around stood haughty dames, Whose jewels shone like flames, And girls, a fluttering crowd, With worldly gentlemen And a critic, of sharp pen With head, as he listened, bowed.

Her first—her first attempt—
"Oh, might I be exempt!"
(The notes and the keys one blur.)
But her mother on her Led
Lay sick, and the misty dread
Dispersed at the thought of her.

Her pulse leaped on its course; She struck the keys with force In a prelude full of fire; And her voice rose like a bird That high in heaven is heard, And soars, and does not tire.

Then it moaned like some poor dove
That has lost its mated love;
Then lower, like the sea;
While the sobbing instrument
Its sighing pathos lent
To the deep, deep misery.

Then, when all hearts were still, It went, with a silver thrill, Straight up to the heavenly wall; Awhile it warbled there, And then, with a careless care. Came back with a downy tall.

The praises of her song
Were the silence of the throng
As she sat amid the group,
Her white hands in her lap,
A little tired, mayhap,
And her soft blue eyes adroop.

Then the band began to play,
The listeners moved away
To join in the joyous dance.
And the singer, pale and slight,
In her simple dress of white,
Looked up, and met a glance. The stranger's eyes were soft—
As they turned to her full oft
They made her sad heart beat.
He came and told her his name,
One, many a worldly dame
Would cast at a daughter's feet.

And when she sung again, Gone was the trouble and pain Of the singer, singing sweet; The glow of his tender eyes Was like the stars that rise

To guide a traveler's feet. When the jeweled guests once more Were gathered as before, A bride was pressed to sing— And her voice rose angel-high As the light of her blue eye Fell on her wedding-ring.

Dr. Sydney St. John.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, elegantly furnished bedroom, that was the very ideal of luxurious comfort and convenience. The walls tinted the daintiest, most delicate shade of glossy, silvery pink, picked out with gold; suitable pictures on the wall, hung with exquisite taste; curtains of foamy white lace beneath pink silk lambrequins; an elaborate suit of paneled walnut, with marble tops ornamented with the most lace; a pink and gold and white china set, brackets on the walls, in the corners, adorned with dainty draperies, and ornamented with marble statuettes; big, cosy spring rockers, upholstered in gray velvet and pink silk, a lounge en suite, and all matching the soft, mossy Aubusson carpet of pearly gray and

It was a picture of artistic beauty and luxuriant golden hair that trailed almost the floor as the invalid swept it wearily aside.

She had been lying there such a long wearisome time, and she didn't get any betterrather, she grew weaker and more nervous with every passing day, although her sweet-ness of temper did not desert her, nor her patient endurance.

Every day for months old Dr. Grassmere day, and then drop in Mr. Nugent's study below and report.

And yet Mrs. Nugent did not get well; and there came to be a look of fear and pain on her husband's face, and one of puzzled dismay on Dr. Grassmere's countenance

I am entirely at a loss to account for your wife's persistence in remaining sick, Harry. I've given her enough tonic to enable her to shoulder a meeting-house, and yet there she lays as you see her-patient, resigned, obedient, but -no better. I can't see that there is any organic trouble anywhere. Beyond a general debility and extreme depression of spirits, nothing ails her."

Harry Nugent looked anxiously in the goodnatured face of this trusty, sensible old doctor, who had been the family physician of the Nugents ever since the time he had ushered young Harry into the world-twenty-five years ago-who had known him well, as baby, boy and man, and who was friend and adviser.

But she suffers, doctor, she certainly suffers. There are times when she is very faint and says she feels so deathly; and her poor heart will pant as if it would leap from her side. My darling little Nellie! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, you know I would give half my fortune to see her well and around again, light-hearted and sunny-smiled as she was six months ago, before baby came and died."

Dr. Grassmere was corrugating his big, bald forehead into a perfect nest of deep, puzzled wrinkles. Bless her sweet face, I believe I'd give all

of mine if I could get her out again. Honestly, Harry, my skill is exhausted. I don't know what else to do. There's no use pouring any more medicine down her. I will confess, my boy, I'm discouraged."

Harry's handsome face blanched. "My God, doctor! Is it so bad as that? Will she die? She's not dying, is she?" He sprung to his feet as he spoke, agitated

and heartsick. "Not positively dying, Harry, but I tell you she can't live very long in this passive condition in which she rests, month in and month Something should be done to arouse her -frighten her, shame her-anything, but I can't do it. I've reasoned with her, scolded her, laughed at her-but she takes it all with that sweet courtesy that you know never fails her, and gently answers me that she knows her days are numbered, that when her baby died she felt so, and proves it by telling me I know she fails, which is a fact I cannot gainsay. To save my soul, Harry, I couldn't persuade her to be helped up in the easy-chair for a while this morning—I never was so tempted in my life as I was to pick her up bodily and carry her into the next room.'

Harry gave a little cry of dismay. "Oh, doctor, how could you dream of such a thing! Why, it would have killed her—she's so weak she fainted yesterday when I told her there were a couple of lady friends in the drawing-room who wanted to see her."

Dr. Grassmere gave an extra vigorous polish to his speckless gold-rimmed glasses.

"That's it, precisely! She won't see anybody, and thus get a chance of being cheered up a little. She's just lying there, letting her life ooze away while her nurse croaks to her and reads pages on pages of 'The Glories of Heavenly Rest' and 'Comfort to Dying Souls' -two admirable books, I grant, but hardly the sort of reading suitable to any one for whose life we are fighting."

Harry's face was grave and thoughtful. "Do you really think I had better dismiss Mrs. Carter and get a younger and more cheer-

ful nurse? "Emphatically. I am prolonging my stay this morning far beyond its prescribed limits, just because I am convinced something decided has to be done. I want you to spirit those doleful books away; I want you to try the experiment of reading a little to Nellie yourself—nothing funny or amusing, for the change would be too sudden-but something enter taining. Then-I want you to get another doctor.

Harry looked at him in blank amazement.

"Another doctor!" "Just so, my dear boy. My skill has been tested to the full. I honestly think it will be best to treat your wife to a decided change. And I want you to send for a lady-doctor, too -there's a sympathy between women that may turn to advantage in this case."

Harry looked blanker than ever.

"A lady-doctor!" "Yes—one I know, and will strongly re-commend. A sensible, skillful, agreeable woman, to whom your wife will incline, and whose influence will be more palpable than mine. Do it, Harry. Authorize me to send Dr. Sydney St. John here this afternoon. I'll see her, and give her a history of the case, and I'll promise to have an eye after you all; and, please God, we'll make a desperate effort for Nellie's life."

So it came to pass that Dr. Grassmere called at the office of Miss St. John, and had a long consultation with her; and at four o'clock of that afternoon, when Harry was sitting at his wife's bedside, telling her that Mrs. Carter was obliged to leave her, and that another nurse was coming, that a servant announced that Dr. St. John was waiting.

And a minute after there came in the room a fair-faced, graceful-formed girl, of perhaps twenty-two or three, with the sweetest, most thoughtful face Harry Nugent thought he had ever seen. Even Nellie, who took so little notice of anything, was instantly impressed by the beauty of the large, laughing gray eyes, overshadowed by luxurious purple-black brows —eyes that seemed at constant variance with the gravity and dignity and self possession ex-pressed by the firm, well-shaped mouth with its

warmly red lips. She was a thorough lady—the most casual glance decided that. Her dress was the very beau-ideal of what a lady physician's dress should be—a becomingly-made street suit of soft cashmere-not a forlorn short skirt and elegant toilet suit of pink silk and Valenciennes skimp breadth, but a toilet that was exquisitely graceful and stylish without being desperately odish.

Mr. Nugent arose and bowed. "Is this Dr. St. John? I am glad to see This is our invalid-my wife, Mrs.

Nugent. Dr. St. John showed her beautiful pearly teeth as she smiled and gave her hand to Nel-It was a picture of artistic beauty and lie—such a fair, womanly hand, white and tasteful wealth, and the sweet, lovely face, lying on the lace-edged pillows, was itself a pic- and the round wrist encircled loosely by a spotture, with its pure, ivory complexion, dark, less linen cuff, fastened with a large gold wistful eyes, heavy brows and lashes, and the sleeve-stud, with an intricate monogram in

> (Harry, observing fellow, saw all of it.) Then came a long list of professional ques tions, then several professional directions, one or two suggestions, and then a general conversation ensued, in which Harry and the pretty doctor had their fair share.

And then, Dr. St. John said good-morning to Nellie, promising to bring her a new book of would drive up in his carriage and make his professional visit, and leave his orders for the down to her elegant little phaeton that awaited her at the door, with the groom in livery perch-

ed in his high back seat. 'Before we say good-morning, Mr. Nugent, there is one word to be said regarding your wife. I am convinced there is nothing the matter with her that might not be removed of her own will. She is prostrated and nervous because she persists in keeping her bed; she must be made to get out of it. Indeed, if I may speak so emphatically, I may declare that Mrs. Nugent will die of pure obstinacy in

refusing to get well." Harry stood beside the phaeton, his handsome face wearing a look of gravity and bewilderment.

"That is what Dr. Grassmere said. "We all admit she ought to get out of her sick-bed, but what good will it do to give her the shock

ecessary to arouse her?"

Miss St. John looked the very picture of professional skill as she answered:

"A shock! Certainly not. An alarm of fire or a rumor of danger of any sort would perhaps kill-perhaps cure her, but the risk is not to be taken. It is just here, Mr. Nugent. Your wife honestly believes she is too ill ever to recover, and you know, as well as I, what wonderful effects the mind produces electrically on the physical organization. Now, for the sake of her life, which can be saved, we must get her out of bed-let her know for herself she is able to do it—and to accomplish this Dr. Grassmere has asked my consent to take the case. We have arranged a plan of action which he will tell you; and I think in a very short time you will see Mrs. Nugent far on the road to recovery.

It was a lovely morning, with such revels of glad sunshine lying all over the fair city, with such health-giving, life-strengthening to the fresh sweet air, that Dr. Grassmere felt that it required all his self-control to keep him from flinging open the carefully-closed shutters and closely-drawn curtains of Mrs. Nugent's sickroom, as he walked into the atmosphere of camphor and ammonia, and cologne water.

He found the invalid propped up among the ace-frilled pillows, looking very pale and thin, and gentle and patient as usual.

"Well, Mrs. Nellie, and how are you coming on nowadays, with your new doctor? I declare, you do look better. Feel better, I should Glorious weather to convalesce in.

He held her little cold hand in his big one, and caressed it as one might a baby's fingers. "I am comfortable, Dr. Grassmere, and that is all I can expect. I'm glad to see you, and so will Harry be. Isn't it nearly time he was home to lunch?

Dr. Grassmere took out his watch. 'Nearly-yes, quite time. Has Dr. St. John | fer the revolver!"

called to-day? I was in hopes I would meet

Nellie twisted her ring on her poor thin finger-her one ring, her wedding ring.

"We like her very much. She is very beau-tiful and fascinating, and she and Harry have such nice times together laughing and talk-" A faint little sigh ended the remark. So you think Harry admires her-not any

more than he ought to, eh?"

Nellie looked bewilderedly at him, and for the first time in months a flush crept to her pale

"More than he ought to! What do you mean, Dr. Grassmere?" And there was emphasis in the sweet, surprised voice as Nellie put the question—a question that Dr. Grassmere did not answer because there came a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of a servant bringing Mrs. Nugent's lunch—a quail on toast, a cup of chocolate, a soft-boiled egg, and a saucer of luscious peaches-and-cream of which perhaps a half-dozen tastes would be

And besides, there was a letter lying on the damask-covered silver tray—a letter, whose envelope was jagged, as if it had been hurried-

"Oh, a letter, for you Mrs. Nugent?" Dr. Grassmere put on his glasses as he pre-prepared to cut Nellie's quail to suit, but was nterrupted by a faint exclamation from Nellie, who had taken the letter and seen, first, the superscription: "Mr. Harry Nugent," and then hurriedly tearing it open, the beginning-My darling Harry," and the ending, "Ever your own true Sydney.'

"Where did you get it?" she asked, almost gasping, of the maid.

"Indade, and it was a-layin' on the flure of the hall as I cam' along, ma'am, and I on'y jist minded me to pick it up, thinkin' it was bist to give it to yees. Indade, and not know-in' the writin' on it, I t'ought it—" But Nellie was not listening. She had

pushed away the little table where the luncheon stood, and in her excitement and horror had risen partly from her bed, and was leaning on her elbow, devouring this horrible letter that read that her husband had become tired of her whining invalidism, and had concluded to take French leave for a while; and in answer to his entreaties that Dr. St. John would practically prove the love she had so often declared, was this letter from her, consenting to fly with him, and agreeing to meet him at the Clarendon hotel, that very day, at noon, to make their

final arrangements.

Then, when she had read it, Nellie fainted, and while she lay there several seconds, white and unconscious, Dr. Grassmere read the letter and laughed and fairly shook.

"Pretty good! First rate! I declare I couldn't 'a' done it better myself! Clarendon, eh, now? I'll bet on Nellie when she comes

And almost as soon as she opened her eyes Nellie struggled up in bed, her eyes more expressive than Dr. Grassmere had seen them in many a day.

"Go for a carriage—quick! Send Pauline to me—I must get up, somehow, anyhow! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, to think my Harry—!" She swallowed back her tears, and looked

determinedly at him.
"If I find them—if I find her—do be quick, Dr. Grassmere—do be quick!"

And the moment the door had closed on him, Nellie Nugent was on her feet for the first time in months-trembling, weak, it was true, but fired by a vehemence that sent her blood pulsing riotously along her veins. With the assistance of Pauline, she was soon dressed, and wrapped in her shawl, and then, chuckling to himself, Dr. Grassmere escorted her down-stairs—every step she took firmer than the other-every moment adding brighter indignation to her eyes, until when, after what seemed a longer drive than necessary, their carriage drove up to the ladies' entrance of have been taken for the woman who, two hours ago, had been lying white and helpless among the pillows of the bed she had not left for so long. At the Clarendon, Dr. Grassmere escorted her to the ladies' parlor, while he went on a tour of investigation. In five minutes he returned and took Nellie on his arm, and together they ascended by the elevator to almost the very door of a private parlor, be-

fore which Dr. Grassmere paused. "Now, Nellie, my dear child, are you all ready for a surprise? Are you sure you can pear what you will hear in a moment?"

And Nellie, cresting her head a second in righteous indignation, then lowering it with sudden anguish of heart, told Dr. Grassmere she knew her heart was broken because Harry was so cruelly treacherous.

Dr. Grassmere and she followed the servant in; then he dismissed the man, and then he called out:

"Harry! Here she is! We've managed to get her out, of her own free will, and the result is-well, look at her!"

And Harry came out from the second room of the suit, and rushed up to her and caught her in his arms. "Nellie! My darling! Thank God for

And Nellie, bewildered, half frightened ooked inquiringly around.

"But-where is-where is Dr. St. John?" Then Dr. Grassmere laughed as if he never ould stop, and even Mr. Nugent smiled as he

held her in his arms and smoothed her cheek caressingly. "I will confess I did not like the means to get you here, darling, but Dr. Grassmere was so confident - and you see he was not wrongand as Dr. St. John is his betrothed wife

why, I consented. You will forgive us all the

innocent little trick, Nellie?'

And from that very hour Nellie Nugent dated her recovery—and that very night, in her parlors, the three conspirators laughed

with her over their very heroic treatment.
"It happened to save me," Nellie says, dubiously.
"All the same I shall never recombiously. mend good-looking lady doctors."

"FAR be it from us to doubt the word of a brother editor," says the La Crosse Sun. "We believe them all to be truthful men; but, when the Durand Times says that the water is so ow at the mouth of the Chippewa river that catfish have to employ mud-turtles to tow them over the bar, we feel as though the editor must be away, and some local minister fill-

A LADY at a summer resort, whose unruly children annoy everybody in the hotel, the other day said to a noted teacher, sitting near her at table: "Professor, do you believe in the use of the rod, in the management of children?" The professor glared at her annoying children, and grimly replied: "Sometimes, madam: but there are cases when I should pre

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Fair was the golden sonshine
As before the altar there
She knelt, our blue-eyed Mabel,
The bride of a millionaire.
Her dainty form clad in satin,
Pearls in the golden hair,
Yet the dimpled chin quivered strangely
As with something like despair.

A grand match it was, folks whispered—
Her beauty, his honor and gold:
Ah yes! a grand match, considering
That a heart for wealth had been sold.
The love that would make Earth a Heaven
Had been trampled out of sight,
Because it came not with riches:
The poor to love have small right!

And so, she had taken the suitor
That came with the glamour of gold,
And hidden love's wonderful secret
In her heart that had grown strangely cold.
And while fair Mabel smiled sweetly
Through the lace of her bridal vail,
She wondered if "gold cured the heartache,
If not"—and she smothered a wail.

Five years went by and the altar Before which fair Mabel was wed Before which fair Mabei was wed
Was trimmed again for our darling—
But now 'twas with flowers for the dead.
Instead of love's royal roses
Pale lilies and cypress were there;
And no gleam of fair bridal vestments,
But sable that told of despair.

Only five years since Mabel, our darling,

In a bride's snow sheen was arrayed,
Now wrapt in Death's wonderful silence
Her form in the coffin is laid.
Had she been happy, we wondered,
As we gazed on the face cold and fair,
And shuddered as we saw streaks of silver
Softly gleam in the gold of her hair!

Too late, too late now the knowledge
That love is not purchased with gold;
And useless the tears that are falling
On the lips that are silent and cold.
Over the flower-strewn coffin
The tears of the husband are shed;
And we pity him in his great sorrow,
And weep with him over the dead.

Just three months since dear little Mabel
Had passed to the Thither shore,
And our eyes were still wet with weeping,
And the crape still hung at the door,
When we read in the great city paper
Of a wedding grand and gay:
For Mabel's grief-stricken husband
Was married . gain to-day!

Margoun, the Strange:

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D., AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

the seminary that Grace Grayling and her room-mate were to leave for home. Good Madame Lefebre hated much to give up Good Madame Lefebre hated much to give up her scholars, inasmuch as they had taken a long course of study, and now lacked only a few months of "graduating"—so called for courtesy's sake. But she could oppose nothing. She simply looked on tearfully, as now and then she ran for a few moments into the girls' room to see them pack their trunks.

By poon the trunks were strapped, madame's ling,"s

By noon the trunks were strapped, madame's By noon the trunks were strapped, madame's tuition bill paid, and the two girls, now strapped to the strapped paid to the strapped paid the strapped paid the strapped paid to the journey. They were awaiting with some impatience the coming of Abner Denby, from whom that morning at an early hour they had heard. That individual had written a formal note to the effect that he would call at the seminary and give the maidens any excitatore that lay in his power.

call at the seminary and give the maidens any assistance that lay in his power.

Grace and Clara were now anxiously looking for him; for without him they would have no one to attend to their baggage, and no one to escort them to the depot. For this duty, Grace was reluctantly compelled to accept of the clerk's company. But the time flew by; twelve o'clock came, then one; and the dinner-hour at the seminary rolled around. Still Ahner Deploy the seminary rolled around. Still Abner Denby had not come.

Yet the girls expected to leave the city on the four o'clock train that afternoon. Grace was anxious to carry out her father's wishes as near to the letter as possible. To that end she wished to get to the distant Grange away up by the lake; and the sooner the better.

Truth was, Grace, almost crushed down and cut to the heart by the unexpected and unwelcome tidings her father's letter bore, longed now for seclusion. She could find it at the Grange where she could hide herself from the world. She passed a sleepless night—that is what remained of it after she and Clara had gone to bed. And long after the dark-haired brunette had gone to sleep, Grace lay with wide-open eyes, and thought of what she might have to go

through with in the near-at-hand future. Why had not her father written to her be-fore, and at least hinted at his marital intentions? Why did he, an old man, wed a young woman—a girl only two years older than herself? Why did her father prejudge her own conduct in the premises, and give her such harsh, stern advice? Did not this young wife give her heart and hand to him simply because he was a rich man? If so, was she not an adventuress? What in life would then be worth the living for, at the Grange? Would not her own heretofore happy and gladsome existence be henceforth forever dark and dreary?

These thoughts had rapidly revolved through Grace Grayling's distressed bosom; and when at lest she sunk into a restless, uneasy slumber vas nearly day; and she had sobbed herself to

But now she sat all alone in her dear old room

But now she sat all alone in her dear old room in the broad glare of day, waiting for Abner Denby. For the time she was alone—Clara Dean having just left the room to hold some farewell chats with her schoolmates.

Grace arose and drew near the window, through which in the happy past she had so often looked out at the passing world. The sky was blue and bright; not a cloud floated in the still cold ether. The storm of the night before still, cold ether. The storm of the nighad blown itself away; but it left its The storm of the night before hind Great drifts of snow covered the streets. rendering them almost impassable; and the glistening, sheeny surface showed as far as the

eye could reach.

Ten minutes passed—then a quarter of an hour; and Grace still stood by the window looking sadly out. As she gazed, a dreamy, musing expression gradually crept over her face. Her wrinkled brow smoothed, and her long, silken

wrinkled brow smoothed, and her long, silken lashes fringed upon her cheek. She shook her head and murmured softly:

"Tis very strange! But I cannot keep him out of my mind! I have heard much of his singular history. He has had a checkered life; and, why "—hesitatingly—"papa, perhaps, did not treat him exactly right, in buying his old estate from him, without letting him know it—and he, poor fellow, so far away!"

She paused abruptly and flung back one of her truant tresses.

her truant tresses.
"But, pshaw!" she muttered, with a forced laugh, "why should I pity him? Have I not more reason to dislike him? Did he not write papa a very impertinent letter? And if he ever should come back, will he not be our enemy? But," and the dreamy, musing look came again to her face, a hazy light to her eyes, "I can't help thinking about Thorle Manton! What a "A strange name!—Thorle! I wonder—"
"A strange name indeed! THORLE!" said a voice behind her; and Clara Dean quietly closed

the door and approached.
"You, Clara!" stammered Grace, in confusion,

"Yes: Thorle is a strange name! It smacks of the bleak Norseland. Did you read any of the writings of the old Norse Sagas, Grace,

"No, I care nothing for that either. I can't

"No; I care nothing for that either. I can't eat, Clara; I feel too sad."
"Very good. But, under all circumstances I am blessed with a fair appetite. So I'll—"
At that moment the front bell, under a vigorous pull, rung through the grand seminary. A few moments later, a servant announced that Mr. Abner Denby was in the parlor, and would like to see Miss Grayling for a few moments. Grace's face brightened at the news; this was some relief at least; so she hurried from the room, while Clara Dean ran down-stairs to dinner.

room, while Clara Dean ran down-stairs to dinner.

When Grace reached the parlor, Mr. Denby was standing hat in hand by the mantel; and, as if he had entirely forgotten the girl's harsh words to him of the night before, he bowed courteously, and hastened to say:

"Thanks, Miss Grayling, for not keeping me waiting; for I am pressed for time. I would have been here earlier, but I was—"

"No apology is needed, Mr. Denby," interrupted Grace, in a kinder tone than she had ever used to him. "I have made all my preparations."

ations."

"Yes; but does not Miss Dean accompany you?" asked Abner, quickly.

"Certainly; her trunk is likewise packed."

"Then it is all right. I have engaged a section for you in the sleeping-coach, have ordered a wagon to carry your luggage to the depot, and a carriage to convey you and Miss Dean to the cars. It will be here at three o'clock-sharp, for the streets are almost impassable, and I thought I would not err in the matter of time. I take it for granted that you will leave in the four o'clock express?" four o'clock express?"
"Yes, Mr. Denby; and I sincerely thank you

"Yes, Mr. Denby; and I sincerely thank you for your kindness."
"Say nothing of that, Miss Grayling. I will come in the carriage to accompany you to the station, and see you safely aboard the cars."
"You are very kind, sir."
"I beg you not to mention it," and he turned toward the door.
But he suddenly faced her.
"You know, Miss Grayling, that the snow-storm of last night extended all over the country—especially was it severe in the northern part of this State. Of course—"
"But certainly the trains are not stopped?" interrupted Grace, in some alarm.
"Oh, no. But you know that from Wyndham station to the Grange is nearly fifteen miles."

miles."

"Yes; and I shudder at the ride ahead of us in the old, creaky, windy stage-coach."

"The stage-coach is not running. This storm has stopped it for many weeks to come—"

"Not running! How then—"

"I feared this," interrupted the man, with a trace of impatience. "So I telegraphed to the ticket-agent at Wyndham station to find out. He answered, stating what I have just told you."

you."
"Too bad!" muttered Grace. "But how can ON THE WING.

ON the day following it was soon known in he seminary that Grace Grayling and her roomate were to leave for home.

Good Madame Lefebre hated much to give up er scholars, inasmuch as they had taken a long station.

"Too bad!" muttered Grace. "But how can we get on then?"

"I have arranged all that. I sent a dispatch, to be forwarded by carrier from the station, to your father's old body-servant, Silas Warren, who has charge of the Grange, instructing him to fix up the family sleigh and meet you at the station."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands. "A sleigh-ride is a porella "Splendid!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands. "A sleigh-ride is a novelty to me, nowadays. It will be real jolly. Certainly you are very kind, Mr. Denby."

"Your ride may not be so jolly, Miss Grayling," said Denby, dryly. "That is, if the startling—"

ling—"
He paused suddenly and drew on his gloves.
"What were you saying, sir?" asked Grace,
uneasy and anxious at the man's seriousness.
"A slip of the tongue," he answered, with a
laugh. "After all, it is only a rumor, and may
be as idle as the wind."
"Rumor? what rumor? Do tell me, Mr.
Denby," urged Grace.
"I am sorry I referred to it, and for your
peace of mind I think I had better not tell
you."

been committed on the road between wynd-ham station and Shoreville, and that road you have to travel to get to the Grange."

"Good heavens! I feel—"

"You may as well dismiss your fears," inter-rupted Denby, soothingly. "As I said, the rurupted Denby, soothingly. "As I said, the rumor, ten to one, is without shadow of foundation—though, truth be told, the winter is a hard

tion—though, truth be told, the winter is a hard one on people without work, and—why—the country up there is lonely and deserted enough, But, with your leave, I must now go."

He lifted his hat, and left the house.

"I have put a flea in her ear," he laughed wickedly, as he went striding down the street.

"It is really wonderful what lying will accomplish. It is first-cousin to money!"

That morning, just as the dawn broke, Thorle Manton and Margoun, the Hindoo, were astir. They were soon dressed, performing their toilet by gas-light. They certainly had not slept two hours. Now they arose with a purpose which had been debated before they retired—after Marces Dephy's sudden appearance at the win-Moses Denby's sudden appearance at the win-

Moses Dendy's said dow.

"That scoundrel is here, Margoun," said young Manton, as he finished his ablutions, and turned toward his dusky companion. "I am almost convinced that I know his true name. Now, I wish you to creep down before the hotel is astir and measure his track in the snow—measure it accurately, its width and its length. The time may come, shall come, when I will compare it with—But you know all. I will compare it with— But you know all. Hurry away, be quick in your work, and do nothing to attract attention." "Yes, sahib," and Margoun glided like a cat from the room, and cautiously took his way

Ten minutes later he entered the room as softly This is the measurement, sahib," he said, handing the young man a piece of knotted cord.
"And here," thrusting his hand into the bosom of his tunic, "is something else. It may tell

He placed in Thorle Manton's hand a snowcovered pistol.

It was a small but deadly weapon, of the revolver pattern. On the pearl stock was a narrow silver plate, and upon the plate a name was

ngraved. Young Manton hastily took the pistol, wiped the snow from the stock, and read the name
"MOSES DENBY."

"Moses Denby."
We need not say that Moses Denby did not call that day at the hotel to see his "friends;" he was differently occupied. Nor did the clerk refer to the fellow's late visit—if indeed the circumstance had not already passed from his mind.

Thorie Manton only went out twice from the hotel that day. The first time to a gun store on Broadway, not far from the hotel, to purchase a pack of cartridges to fit the pistol which Moses Denby had lost in his fall, and which had strangely come into Thorle Manton's possession. The second time was late that afternoon, when he and the East Indian had entered a carriage and were driven rapidly away.

and were driven rapidly away. At three o'clock, sharp, the bell at Madame Lefebre's seminary sounded through the house. 'The carriage for Grace and Clara had arrived, and Abner Denby, true to his word came

After a brief but hearty hand-shaking, and after a blot madame, in which Grace join-ed, they entered. A moment and they were jolting away. The depot was duly reached, and the cirls were soon in the cosy "sleeper." the girls were soon in the cosy "sleeper." Denby handed them their baggage-checks,

bade them good-by, wished them a safe journey, Scarcely had he reached the platform of the

ing: "Extry! extry! Latest edishin! News o' the y o' Chester!" Here, boy!" and Abner soon had a paper in

Glancing over the last edition column, he read the following:

'The Herald news yacht just up, and reports the "The Herdal news yacht just up, and reports the Inman steamer, City of Chester, in the lower bay, making her way slowly up through the ice. She is expected at her wharf at eight or nine o'clock this evening. Like the Adriatic, which arrived late last night, she has encountered heavy winds almost the entire passage.

"Confound it," muttered Abner. "I'll have to meet old Grayling and his young wife at the

He crushed the paper in his pocket and hurried away. As he strode along he muttered.

So absorbed had Abner been when he read the short paragraph in the newspaper, that he did not notice two men who strode by, so close to him that they brushed against him in the crowd. the crowd.

Those two men, who, by the by, attracted much attention, were Thorle Manton and Margoun. The former hurried by Denby without paying any heed to him. But the Hindoo's restless eyes soon fell upon the fellow. Instantly he paused and thrust his hand in his bosom. But he quickly shook his head, and hurried on after him whom he so faithfully served.

A moment later the two entered the same coach in which sat Grace Grayling and Clara.

The dusk of the early-coming night was at hand, and the lamps in the comfortable car were already lit.

As young Manton strode by the section allot-

young Manton strode by the section allotted to Grace and Clara, the former of the girls was looking out of the filmy window. But the black-eyed Clara was watching every passenger

As her gaze fell upon the manly form and bronzed face of Thorle Manton, she started as though she had seen an apparition.

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated, in a guarded "Good heavens!" she ejaculated, in a guarded tone. "So soon! 'Tis Thorle Manton!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE YOUNG WIFE. At the same hour, that afternoon, that the train conveying Grace and Clara, and others of our prominent characters thus far introduced, drew out from under the depot, the magnificent steamer City of Chester, of the Inman line, passed in at Sandy Hook, and pushed her way, through the great drifts of floating ice, toward her wished-for haven.

She had been outstripped by the Adriatic but.

She had been outstripped by the Adriatic, but she had made a good run, after all.

The ice was thick, and she made her onward way with much difficulty, though under a full pressure of steam.

rise ice was tinck, and she made her onward way with much difficulty, though under a full pressure of steam.

The wind was blowing sharply, and the air was keen and frosty. But the sky was clear, and the sun shone down in all its splendor. So the quarter-deck of the steamer was crowded with passengers, who had braved the cold air to get a view of the city of their destination, the tall spires and gigantic buildings of which could now be seen in the hazy distance.

In that crowd, and far forward in an isolated position from the rest, where a good outlook could be had, stood a group of three persons.

One was a remarkably tall old gentleman of at least sixty years of age. His white hair was cropped short; but his equally-white side-whiskers were very luxuriant and well kept. Under the force of the wind, right in the face of which the steamer was moving, they now fell on either side far back over his shoulders. These whiskers were evidently a feature, and a source of ice long training the side with the old certified the second of the side of the sid side far back over ms shoulders. These winskers were evidently a feature, and a source of jealous pride with the old gentleman; though he had no recourse to artificial means to restore them to their pristine color. They were as white as the drifted snow which marked the distant shores of the bay.

He wore gold-rimmed eye-glasses, dangling from his neck by an elegant chain of gold; and he was clad in rich, though rather obtrusive attire, which would have far better suited a man thirty ways his invited. thirty years his junior

thirty years his junior.

Hanging confidingly upon his arm was a slender lady, well wrapped in costly shawls and furs. She had flung her vail back, so that her face could be seen. A remarkably pretty face at the first glance, with its rosy cheeks, its sparkling pale-blue eyes, its firm, rich-cut mouth, and broad, marble-like brow, overhung with an aureole of light sunny-hued hair.

But when that face was in repose, it was not so attractive; for the rosy cheeks, underneath the mantling color, were wan and haggard; the brow showed wrinkles of deep thought or long

brow showed wrinkles of deep thought or long suffering; the pale-blue eyes were cold and merss in expression, and around the curved lips hard lines showed, as though cut by the graver's

This young woman-for she was certainly in This young woman—for she was certainly in the glad springtide of life—was the old gentleman's wife; and this was their honeymoon.

He was Gilbert Grayling, one of the "merchant princes" of New York. She was the girl who had plighted to him her hand and heart in the indissoluble bonds of wedlock.

Standing stiff and silent behind the newlyworded pair a bundle of warm was princes on

wedded pair, a bundle of warm wrappings on her arm, was a spare, gaunt-looking woman of some thirty-five years of age. She had a mass of black hair in which a profusion of red ribbon-bows appeared. Her cheeks were dark olive in

The mouth was thin-lipped and stern, and the eyes were black and snaky in their glance. eyes were black and snaky in their glance.

She was a forbidding, crafty-looking, wicked woman—one who, at a single glance, would throw a person on the defensive, and send a chill of—well, something not exactly definable—through your system. That something, how-—through your system. That something, how-ever, was, at least, a vague repulsion, an almost

ever, was, at least, a vague repulsion, an almost downright repugnance.

That cold, stern-looking woman was the young wife's French maid. Her name was Florine Flavelle; and for a number of years she had been a constant attendant upon the fair young creature who was old Gilbert Grayling's wife.

This party had been the cynosure of all eyes on the steamer. And on this bright, but cold afternoon as they stood on the breezy quarterdeck, more than one wondering glance was cast toward them.

It did, indeed, look as though hoary-headed winter and green-grassed spring had clasped hands. No wonder that many aboard the ship had shrugged their shoulders; no wonder that some had whispered among themselves: "Poor thing! She has sold herself for money

some nad whispered annual are the control of thing! She has sold herself for money—she has been bought for a price!"

"Are you cold, darling?" whispered the old man, as he noted that a shiver passed over her

spare frame.

"No—yes—that is, somewhat," was the abstracted reply. "Here, Florine, fling another shawl over my shoulders, if you please."

"Yes, madame," answered the French maid, with a marked foreign accent, advancing at once and doing her mistress' bidding. Then she retired at once to her former respectful distance.

Had you not better go below, my dear?" asked Mr. Grayling in a solicitous tone.
"Not for worlds!" was her quick and extrava

"Not for worlds!" was her quick and extravagant answer. "This scenery is grand! The clear blue sky, the gladdening sun, the white-draped shores, the ice-locked waters! Oh, no, I would not miss it for a year of my lifetime!" She spoke with enthusiasm; but in it was a wild, vehement element which was impressive and unnatural

Old Gilbert Grayling glanced at her. A pas ing expression of uneasiness and surprise flitted over his face; for, though his wife had spoken ciously and spiritedly, yet her eyes did not up, nor did a single feature of her face inlight up, nor did a single feature of her fac dicate that she *felt* a word she had uttered.

Gilbert Grayling had noticed this same thing frequently of late; and he had wondered at it at first. Then it set him to pondering; then it gave him some concern. For he remembered to have seen nothing of it, during his four months of courtship. Was she, this blooming young woman, already tired of her wedded life—tired

This reflection had often come to him; he pondered it now on the windy quarter-deck of the ship. But, shaking off these gloomy feel-ings, he said, with a little laugh: "Very well, love; you always have your

"Ay! and always will," was the prompt earnest reply. "That is, Gilbert dear, when I am in the right."

She added the last words hastily; for, as she

flung her eyes up to his face she saw that his brow was suddenly knit into a frown.

"Ah! yes, exactly—of course," said the old man, dryly, as he turned away and scanned with vacant gaze the ice-locked, snow-girt hori-

with vacant gaze the ice-locked, snow-girt horizon bending in the distance.

The young wife noted his meaningless reply; she noted, too, his indifferent manner as he gazed ahead of him. Her eyes suddenly gleamed, and her lips went together like a vise. But she bent her head and said nothing.

Several moments passed in silence, while the steamer slowly picked her way through the thickening ice-fields.

The sun was now slanting rapidly toward the red-rimmed west, and the winter wind grew sharper and more biting every moment.

red-rimmed west, and the winter wind grew sharper and more biting every moment.

Old Grayling glanced down at his wife, but he said nothing. The silence between them was getting awkward and unpleasant.

"This is slow work, Gilbert," at length said Mrs. Grayling, glancing over the side of the steamer and noting the tardy progress she was making. "Why in the world doesn't the captain take a tug?"

"Because no tug can work its way to us. Can you see any one in sight?"

you see any one in sight?"

Gilbert Grayling had become musing and abstracted. His reply was cold and business-like. In an instant two bright red spots glowed in his wife's cheeks, and her disengaged hand closed until the tightly-fitting glove burst its fastenings. But by a despress effort controlling. ings. But, by a desperate effort, controlling herself, she said:

"And when are we expected to reach the

wharf, Gilbert?"

wharf, Gilbert?"

"The captain hopes to do so by eight, my dear—not later than nine," answered the old gentleman, his same old kind manner returning.

"I wish we were there now," she said, yearningly. "Though I have sailed the sea oftentimes, this voyage has satisfied me for a long time to come. But, Gilbert, where will you stop to-night in the city?"

"At the Fifth Avenue, darling. I have directed my head-clerk to engage for us apartments there. He will meet us at the steamer's wharf."

"I have often heard you speak of this clerk," she pursued, in an interested way. "He must be of much value to you?"

"Yes, love. But of late I have had some doubts as to his honesty," answered the old gentleman, while a frown passed over his face.

"Ah! Then by all means discharge him. But who is he? You have never mentioned his name." name

"His name is Abner Denby, and I knew "His name is Abner Denby, and I knew—Ha! what's the matter?" he hurriedly asked, as he felt a violent shiver pass through his wife's frame, and she came near dragging her hand from his arm. At the same moment she pulled her vail before her paling face.
"What's the matter, darling?" repeated the old gentleman, anxiously.
"Only a passing shiver," was the tremulous reply. "I believe, after all, I am not brave enough for this weather. The wind cuts my face like a knife."

She turned partly away; but old Grayling

over whose face rested a stern shade,

"Did you ever hear of Abner Denby, wife?" "Did you ever hear of Abner Denby, wife?" he asked, in a low tone.

The slender woman recoiled; but again controlling herself she said, speaking rapidly:

"I believe I have—when I was a school-girl in New York. It strikes me that I have heard a rumor that his father was executed for murder. Yes, I am sure I have."

These words were spoken in a cool, steady voice.

voice.

"You are right, my dear," said the old man, in a relieved tone. "But you see," he hastened to add. "that circumstance should not militate against the son, provided he is capable and honest. I took him into my employment, however, chiefly for another reason!"

He laughed jovially.

"And that reason, Gilbert?" she quickly askeed, peering at him through her yeil

ed, peering at him through her vail.

"Only this: you see when I was a young man
that is considerably younger than I am now," why I saw the woman who is now Abner Denby's mother. She was young and handsome, and I fell in love with her; yes, I went so far as to propose to her!"
"Yes, Gilbert—and?"

"She accepted me at once. But I soon learned that she was after my money which I had inherited, and that she didn't care a button for

The heartless, sordid creature!' "Exactly. But I broke the engagement, my-self, and here, in later years, to soothe the old woman's mind, I gave her son employment." Another silence ensued.

The sun had now gone down, the air wa

cold and icy, and most of the passengers had Come, Florine, I'll seek my state-room," said Mrs. Grayling, releasing her husband's arm, and turning away. "Follow me, I wish to speak

All this time the French maid had stood a ilent but not disinterested spectator of what wa going on. She had overheard much of th tion which had passed between the old man and his young wife, and more than once

As Mrs. Grayling spoke, a quick, meaning clance had been exchanged between the two But the maid simply bowed and followed her nistress to the companion way, down which they con disappeared from view.

Old Gilbert gazed after them for several mo

ruel, malicious smile had swept over her thin

ments with a stern, mystified air. Buttoning his overcoat to the chin, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, he strode up and down the now deserted quarter-deck, as if lost in

'Confound it!" he muttered at last, "I don' like that black-eyed, wide-awake French gir one bit. If I have my say in the matter—and l

am under the impression I will—she'll not stay Up and down he strode. Then once again, a he glanced at the bridge ahead of him, on which

od the watchful captain, he muttered: Well, I'm not wanted in my state-room well, I'm not wanted in my state-room, that's certain; so I'll go and have a chat with our good skipper. But," the frown deepening on his face, "does my wife know anything about Abner Denby?—has she ever seen him?—and can it be rossible that I is a like the second of the second of

at be possible that I, in my old age, have made an ass of myself by drawing a blank in the great marriage lottery?" Just about eight o'clock that night the City of Chester was made fast to her wharf.

Mr. Grayling, wife and servant hurried ashore. They were met at the gang-plank by Abner Denby, who had a carriage in waiting.

The meeting and greeting between the rich man and his employee was formal and business-like though they had not met for the first man and his employee.

like, though they had not met for more than two years.

Mrs. Gravling was closely vailed, though
there was no need, for the night was dark and
gloomy. But as old Grayling coolly introduced
her to Denby, do what she could, she trembled

"I suppose, Mr. Denby, you secured apartments for me at the Fifth Avenue?" asked the rich man, pompously

"Yes, sir, the best in the house—a parlor and two bedrooms en suite, on the second floor," was the almost humble reply.

Mr. Grayling handed his wife and the French maid into the services the left of the second floor." maid into the carriage, but before entering him-self, he said, in an undertone:
"Tis early yet; come to my rooms at half-

vish to see you a short while on business."

Denby started slightly at the word business;

but he replied:
"Certainly, sir. I'll be there."

"Certainly, sir. I'll be there."

The carriage creaked away through the snowy streets, and as it jolted along old Gilbert Grayling's young wife murmured to herself:

"He knew me not—he knew me not! 'Tis rell—very well!"
The time flew away, and at half-past nine

o'clock, promptly, Abner Denby, scrupulously attired, entered the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had selected the rooms for his employer, and he knew where they were; so he ascended the stairs and turned down the long corridor. The door to the parlor which he was approach-

ing was partly open. Denby glanced in; he saw two persons sitting there.

He reeled back, and muttered: 'Great God! is SHE his wife?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 397.)

WILL THE SHADOWS BE LIFTED TO-MORROW?

BY HERMAN KARPLES.

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow? Will the shadows be litted to-morrow?

Does the sun ever shine in rain?

And the clouds that are loud in their sorrow,

Will they ever cease weeping again?

Will the fields ever put on their greenness?

And the flowers bloom sweet as before?

Will the sky, in its bluest sereneness,

Look smilingly on us once more?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow
From my heart in its grief storm-rent?
Will hope, the kind soother of sorrow,
With her bow of promise be sent?
Will the waves of my life's troubled fountain
Ever cease in their ebb and flow?
Will the shadows that darken my pathway
Be scattered like phantoms of woe?

Ah! yes, will the shadows be lifted Al! yes, will the shadows be lifted
From the hill-top and valley and plain;
And life-giving sunshine and gladness
Replenish the drear earth again.
And then, will the weeping of nature
Be hushed by the joy-giving ray,
And the beauty of sunset as ever
Be the loveliest hour of day.

The Californians:

Rivals of the Valley of Gold. A ROMANCE OF FEATHER RIVER.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXVII. A DISAGREEABLE SITUATION.

INEZ uttered a scream of alarm as the gang of ruffians burst upon them so suddenly, and sprung toward her snorting mustang, flight being her first impulse. But this was only monentary. Naturally courageous and high-spirited, her training since early childhood had been ed, her training since early childhood had been such as had rendered her wonderfully self-reliant and devoid of fear. She turned to see the young miner hampered by a dozen arms, only to free himself by a tremendous effort—to hurl aside his assailants as though they were mere children—to follow up his momentary advantage, striking down two burly ruffians with blows of his clenched fists, that sounded like the dull thud-thud of a horse's hoofs upon the springy turf. But then, as though fearful of losing him after all, one of the cursing desperadoes thrust his pistol almost against the miner's head—she heard the report—she saw Allen fling up his arms and fall backward like a dead man. For one instant she stood as though petrified; for one instant she stood as though petrified; then, with an inarticulate scream she sprung to then, with an inarticulate scream she sprung to the assassin's side, the dagger so recently returned to her by Allen flashing in the air. Swift as the lightning's shaft the weapon descended, before the assassin could realize his peril. Her eye was true, her arm strong enough to drive the good weapon home. Just above the collar-bone it struck, ranging down and tapping his foul heart's blood.

But the frenzied woman never paused to note the effect of her mad stroke for vengeance. She saw the man she had learned to love—suddenly, but with all the fervor of her hot, troni-

denly, but with all the fervor of her hot, tropical blood—lying motionless, bleeding, dead, as she believed, at her feet, and sinking down beside his body she raised his head to her breast pressing her lips upon his, calling him by name, to return to life, to her, lavishing upon his insensible ears the fondest epithets mortal lips could frame into speech—unheeding the fierce curses of the enraged bandits as they gathered around their dying comrade, unhearing their brutal threats and imprecations.

Fortunately for her, aid was close at hand. Don Estevan rode hastily up, and leaping to the ground he thrust the scowling villains aside and touched his daughter upon the shoulder. "Come with me, girl," he said, sternly, as she raised her eyes at the touch. "You have wrought enough mischief for once. Come, I say! unless you would have me use force."

They have murdered him-see!" she muttered, piteously.
"Better for him—for us all, perhaps—if they

had! Look! he is opening his eyes! fool! would you have him learn your mad folly?" grated the Californian, lifting Inez to her feet by main

through no mercy of the dead ruffian, the lead-en missile had merely grazed his skull, tearing through the scalp and momentarily stunning him, but not seriously injuring him. Now he opened his eyes and faintly raised his head with beened his eyes and a wondering air.

"Beware!" cried Don Estevan, authoritatively; "remember your master's orders—on your life do not injure him! Bind him securely and bring him to the house—blindfolded, mind.

You have already exceeded your orders. "And if he did, the poor devil has paid for it with his life—thanks to that wildcat of yours,"

asolently growled one of the men.

The Californian made no reply to this rude peech, but placed Inez upon her mustang, pringing into his own saddle, and galloped way, holding firmly to her bridle-rein.

Reaching the stone building he dismounted, and half-carried, half-led his daughter into the house, placing her upon the bed in her own room and summoning the housekeeper to attend to her. Inez lay still in what seemed a sort of tupor, and, really anxious for her welfare. D Estevan did not leave her side until he heard the approach of the party guarding Ned Allen. Meeting them at the entrance, he signed them to lead the prisoner into a room upon the left.
"Put him in that chair; unbind his eye Now you can go; but keep close to the house he added, as his orders were promptly obeyed save that one man—a short, villainous-looking fellow—instead of following the others in their coolly dropped into an easy-chair beside able. "You heard what I said?" demanded

the Californian, his face flushing, hotly.
"I don't reckon I'm quite deef, boss," the fellow, pouring out a glass full of liquor "I hearn you, but I hearn a louder voice fust I take my orders from your s'perior, I do—an' he said, 'Weasel,' said he, 'don't you let the old man speak one single word to that feller as you don't hear an' see.' An' them's the orders I'm goin' to kerry out, too. So go on with your rat-killin'—an' I'll boss the job."

For a moment it seemed as though the Californian would spring upon the insolent boor, but Ned heard a sharp click, and glancing in that direction he saw that Weasel was covering Don Estevan with a cocked revolver.

You cain't come no gum-game on this chick-boss," he chuckled. "Orders is orders—an' n, boss," he chuckled. I've got mine."
Evidently afraid to trust himself to reply, the
Californian turned abruptly toward Allen,

past nine to-night, at the hotel, Mr. Denby. I thenceforward acting as though the outlaw had no existence.
"When last we parted, senor, I did not expect

"When last we parted, senor, I did not expect to meet you again, so soon."

"And now that we have met, perhaps you will be so kind as to explain why I am here, a bound prisoner—why I was ambushed like a dog—after your swearing upon the cross of your faith to keep the peace?" demanded Ned, only the remembrance that Inez' father stood before him restraining the hitter tounts that were to nim restraining the bitter taunts that rose to

his lips.
"Look!" cried Don Estevan, brushing the hair from his temples and touching a livid welt upon his brow. "You speak of truce—this was made his brow. "You speak of truce—this was made by a bullet, no longer than yesterday, and one of your friends fired it!"

of your friends fired it!"

"You must mean young Grey," thoughtfully replied Ned, startled at this proof of how bitterly earnest Zabdiel was in his war of blood. "But you cannot blame us with this. You were warned by him before you pledged yourself. You knew that he had sworn your life—"

"He was one of your party," goldly replied. self. You knew that he had sworn your life—"
"He was one of your party," coldly replied
Don Estevan. "But even admitting that," and
his voice, though low, grew deep and menacing
with anger, "how have you kept the truce?
By trying to set my own child against me, filling her mind with poison, teaching her to defy
and betray me! Enough to doom you to death
a thousand times over!"
"Stop!" cried Ned, his anger running over;
but then he remembered that to justify himself
he must in a measure implicate Inez, and he said
no more.

no more.

"I know what you would say," resumed the Californian, in a calmer voice. "I know that in a wild fit of romantic gratitude—nothing more—my daughter thought to cancel my debt of gratitude by warning you of some peril, real or visionary, it matters not now. Had the matter ended there, I should have been content to have overlooked it. But you must come spying upon my house—you lure my child into another secret interview. She is young and romantic—she is only a child, as I may say. Who you may be, I know nothing and care less; only that you are of a different religion from ours. That is a bar sufficient against all intercourse. You must pledge me your sacred honor that you will never attempt to meet her again that you will never attempt to meet her again—that you will never speak to her by word of mouth or by letter. Do this and you may

"I reckon Fiery Fred'll hev a word or two to say ag'in' that," interposed Weasel, sharply.
"Give me the pledge, and I swear by my dead mother's soul that you shall go free, no matter who comes between," said Don Estevan,

matter who comes between," said Don Estevan, in a low, resolute tone, paying no attention to the interruption.

"And if I refuse?"

"You will due the death of a dog! Listen: my daughter is betrothed to the man whom you my daughter is betrothed to the man whom you my consent. know as Fiery Fred; she gave a willing consent long before she saw you. In two days from this she will become his wife—"

she will become his wife—"
"That day will never come!" uttered a thrilling voice from the doorway, where Inez suddenly appeared. "I hate and loathe the creature you name so utterly that I would rather die than have a finger of his hand touch one thread of my dress! But you, my friend," and her voice softened like magic, "give the promise he asks. You must not sacrifice your life—""I would rather die for you then live for

he asks. You must not sacrifice your life—"
"I would rather die for you than live for
any one else!" impulsively cried Allen. "Remember this—dead or living, I love you—"
With a furious curse Don Estevan sprung
forward and smote the prisoner's lips with a
force that brought the blood; but it did not
hinder Ned from reading aright the glad glow
that filled the maiden's eyes at his declaration

'Look to him, men!" hissed the infuriated parent. "If he dares utter one word, blow his brains out!"

He hastened to the door and grasping the girl's arm, thrust her before him until within her chamber, when he turned the key upon her, with a grating curse, before he hastened back to the other room.

"The pesky, contrairy fool wouldn't so much

"The pesky, contrary fool wouldn't so much as open his lips!" snarled Weasel, in a tone of disgust, as though he felt himself defrauded of a deserved treat.

"Be silent!" sternly uttered Don Estevan; then turning to Allen, whose eyes were still filled with a joyous exultation. "As for you, poor fool! I tried hard to save your life, but you shave committed suicide in suite of me." After ave committed suicide in spite of me. After these words, you shall never leave this roof alive, even though my own hand must silence your lips. And yet—bah! I am a fool for pitying you after this. I will wash my hands of the whole business. Fiery Fred will be here to-night, and I will place you in his hands, to deal with as he sees fit."

"I do not care so much what you do with me," said Ned, slowly. "I am a man, and can bear it. But for the memory of the mother that bore you! do not sacrifice your daughter to that hell hound."

nell-hound-Enough—one word more and I will be forced "Enough—one word more and I will be forced to have you gagged. Must I always be reminded—Go call the men, fellow. Hasten!"
Grinning with insolent cunning, Weasel did not leave his chair, but blew a shrill whistle through his fingers that speedily brought his comrades to the room. Don Estevan did not comely but motioned them to bring the captive.

comrades to the room. Don Estevan did not speak, but motioned them to bring the captive, and, light in hand, he led the way to an underground cell, cool but dry, in which Ned Allen was thrust, his hands still bound behind him. The heavy door clanged, the sound of footsteps gradually died away, and he found himself alone, a captive, doomed to death!

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

THE gold-hunters lost little time in getting t work after Ned Allen set out upon his eventful cout. They had already lost so much time scout. They had already lost so much time that they could ill afford to lose more. Not only were they eager to learn the extent of their riches, but the tidings might spread far and wide at any hour. A party of prospecters might stumble across them at any moment, and where one came others would follow, like vultures to a dead holy.

dead body.

This fact, too, will serve to explain why Fiery Fred was so determined in his resolve to "clean out" the entire party, since an influx of miners out" the entire party, since an influx of miners would render it necessary for him to abandon his present quarters for others less congenial.

Scarce half an hour after resuming work, Grumbling Dick gave a yell of delight, as he dropped upon his knees and began burrowing in the dirt with all the eagerness of a terrier scenting a rat. Eagerly the others crowded around; they knew that there could be but one cause.

"Good Lawd! jest look at them 'ar!" gasped Dick, brushing the streaming perspiration from his eyes with one hand, holding the other, cap-

shaped, up before the sparking eyes of his comrades. "Ain't them the raal beauties? an't thar's more whar they come from—you bet!"

The exultant digger had chanced upon a veritable "pocket" of gold, where the flat, smoothworn "beans" lay nearly as thick as plums in a Christmas pudding. For the moment it seemed as though they had realized one of those marvalous tales of "gold by the mule-load!" with velous tales of "gold by the mule-load!" with which veteran '49-ers were so fond of "stuffing" greenhorns, but ten minutes of eager toil sufficed

greenhorns, but ten minutes of eager toil sufficed to exhaust the "pocket." The result was nearly a quart of golden beans.

The excitement of this discovery brought Gospel George to their aid, though he was still stiff and sore from his wounds and bruises. Hoping with each stroke of the pick to unearth another research the fire man woulded wenders over the pocket, the five men worked wonders, even af-ter Gospel George had left them in disgust. And after a time Picard, the wounded miner, begged him to relieve him for a little while, de-claring himself fit for work. But the poor fel-low's will was stronger than his body, and from that time on the two men kept guard over the ittle pile of weapons together

The day drew to an end, and Harry Lane be gan to grow anxious at the long absence of Al-len. As the sun set the men quit work and re-turned to camp, all but Harry in high feather over their good progress and better fortune.

"Ef thar was only a bank, or a 'spress office

"Ef thar was only a bank, or a 'spress office anywhar nigh, so's we could putt the stuff in a safe place," muttered Dick, as the beans were placed with the other gold.

"They's a safer place right under your eyes, ef you'd only think so," quietly uttered Gospel George. "Jest tie the stuff up an' putt it in one o' them old iron pots, an' sink it out thar in the drink. Ef the boss was right in sayin' one o' us fellers wasn't on the squar'—an' it do look thata-a-way, I must say!—ef so, then the cuss couldn't levant with the gold so easy as he mought now. Jest sink it, an' putt a little float-stick to show whar."

This suggestion was eagerly seized upon. An advantage was that the women could always keep an eye upon the spot, while the men were absent at work. By the time supper was ready, the "deposit" was made to the satisfaction of

Harry Lane could scarcely wait for supper, so anxious was he for the safety of his friend, and catching up his weapons he started toward the pass, closely followed by Gospel George. The night was setting in, dark and almost star-

The night was setting in, dark and almost star-less, threatening a storm.

"I'm dub'ous he's got into some trouble," mut-tered Gospel George, as they reached the end of the pass without any discovery. "He'd never ought to went alone. Them dirty snakes of Fiery Fred's hev bin lookin' fer jest some sech chaince. Afeard to tackle us fa'r an' squar', they count on pickin' us off one by one—durn sech a Injun way o' doin'!"

sech a Injun way o' doin'!"

"If they have harmed him, there shall be a heavy reckoning!" grated Lane. "I will hunt him and his gang to the very ends of the earth but what I will have revenge!"

"An' you kin count me in, boss," quietly added Gospel George. "A whiter man never lived then him!" Reluctantly Lane retraced his steps, knowing that nothing could be done before daylight. Closely watched as they undoubtedly were, to venture a search now would be little short of expectation.

According to the recent agreement, a council was held, but it was an empty form, since none of the party had any charges to make. After this was over, Harry Lane announced his intention to take the trail in search of their missing

comrade at day-dawn, unless, happily, he should The fires were allowed to die down, but there was little thought of sleeping. The unexplained absence of Ned Allen touched them too nearly. Even Gospel George was silent and evidently ill

What was that?" suddenly cried Lane, as a slight sound broke the oppressive silence; but though all heard it, none could reply satisfac-

A moment later the same sound was repeated, followed by a second and a third in swift succession, not unlike the thud of heavy hail. Then a sharp cry followed—from Tom Weston, who declared that he had been hit upon the shoulder with a rock. At nearly the same instant something rolled along and was stopped by the foot of Lane, who quickly secured it—a rough pebble, nearly the size of a hen's egg.

"It came from beyond the river," he whispered, as he announced his discovery. "Scatter out a little, but keep within sound of a whisper. There's mischief brewing."

"It's only some more durn foolin'," growled Gospel George. "Ef they meant business, they wouldn't stop to tell us they was a-comin' thisa-way. Ef it was only light enough to tell black from white, I'd fetch one o' them dirty imps ef it killed me!"

There was no reply made, for at that moment a small but brilliant light became visible upon the hillside, dancing to and fro, leaping suddenly from point to point, now remaining apparently suspended in mid-air, soon after to be whirling around in a wide circle. The miners looked sharply, but not one could detect the argument. A moment later the same sound was repeated,

ing around in a wide circle. The miners looked sharply, but not one could detect the agency that controlled the eccentric light. No one appeared to be moving near it, and when motionless, the fire clearly lighted the rocks and bushes

for twenty yards around.

"Keep a look-out behind, boys!" suddenly muttered Lane. "This may be a trick to—

Even as he spoke, a brilliant ball of fire appeared to burst into existence almost directly above them, falling to the ground nearly in their midst, blazing fiercely and emitting an unplea-"Look out!" screamed Gospel George, as he character of the streament of the rifle-pit. "The durned thing 'll bu'st, or somethin'!"

That the ball of fire was not without its

ssion, was soon discovered. their contents, the shrill whistling of bullets being plainly audible to the startled miners, who for the moment were too bewildered to

Take to the hole an' give 'em as good as they cried Gospel George, his rifle speaking out sharply.

These words seemed to recall the miners to

These words seemed to recan the infiners to their senses, and all made a hasty dash for the sheltering trench, save Alf. Picard. With greater coolness than the rest, he scrambled for greater coolness than the rest, he scrambled forward and attempted to stamp out the fireball. He succeeded, but it was only to sink to the ground with a gasping groan, as another volley came from the hillside. With a cry of horrified indignation, Harry Lane left his shelter and catching the poor fellow up in his arms, bore him into the trench.

It's no use—I've got it, here," he faintly gasped, pressing one hand to his breast, where the fatal bullet had pierced him through. "If you live—through this—my wife—tell her didn't forgit—" The miner's voice failed him as the blood welled up in his throat. velled up in his throat. There was a gasping truggle, inexpressibly horrible to the others in

that intense darkness—and then the limbs re-

laxed, the head fell heavily, and all present knew that one more life had been sacrificed to the manes of gold.

Gently the corpse was laid outside the trench, no longer needing its protection. Not one of the survivors spoke. Silence, too, reigned upon the hillside. The light had vanished, the rifles the finistice. The fight had vanished, the rifles were stilled—darkness covered everything.

Jotham Grey noiselessly crept away to reassure his women. The others kept their places within the rifle-pit, nor was a word spoken for several minutes; not until Gospel George broke out with an eager whiener.

an eager whisper:

"Look yonder! out to'rds the lone tree!"

From the direction indicated there shone a faint, hazy light, indistinct in shape. A mofaint, hazy light, indistinct in snape. A mo-ment later this vanished, only to reappear still nearer. And then, as the miners breathlessly watched, they could catch the faint echoes of what seemed a heavy footfall upon the springy

'Git your barkers ready!" muttered Gospel George, cautiously. "They's hot work a-comin'! But don't shoot ontel I give the word—

As if by magic the figure of a man stood be-As it by magic the ligure of a man stood before them, scarce two-score yards distant, a bluish flame playing around him, issuing from his mouth, flickering in the gentle breeze as he steadily advanced. His face was plainly visible, and it needed not the flerce, grating curse that broke from Gospel George's lips to

Sorrel-top-Fiery Fred!" such was the cry. "Now!" yelled Gospel George, pulling trigger. Click—click went the hammers, but not one

weapon exploded! Again—and as before, only the caps were bursted! the caps were bursted!

A horrible curse broke from Gospel George's lips as he flung down his pistol, and drawing a knife he sprung toward the phosphorescent figure, closely followed by the miners. For one instant it seemed as though the man meant to await their coming, but then he ran swiftly toward the lake and plunged in, headforemost.

He cain't git off-follow close!" yelled Gos-

pel George.
"Stop!" thundered Lane. "It is only a trick to scatter us—back to the rifle-pit!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

GOSPEL GEORGE was the only one of the party that failed to promptly obey the command of Harry Lane. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the water, vanishing almost impredictable for the water. ing almost immediately from view of his com-

An' that's the eend o' him!" muttered Grumbling Dick, as they once more resumed their stations in the rifie-pit. "The boss said they was a traitor 'mong us, an' now I knows it—the bigger fools we fer lettin' him blind us solong."

Treachery there has been," slowly responded Harry Lane; "foul and cunning treachery, but I cannot believe that Gospel George is the guilty one. What could be his object? He has fought for us, has been badly wound-

"I don't reckon you've ever see'd these wounds, hev you?" dryly added Barnes. "An' what was the reason our weepons didn't go off? 'cause somebody 'd doctored'em. Who could 'a' did it? Just one o' two persons—the two as war left alone with 'em this afternoon; Gospel George an' poor dead Alf. Picard."

"It may possibly have been an accident."

"It may, possibly, have been an accident," said Harry, yet evidently struck by the clearness of Grumbling Dick's reasoning. "The caps may have got wet, or have fallen off. Keep a close look-out while I see."

A hasty examination—through the sense of touch—assured Harry that the tubes were still capped. Holding the weapon close to the ground, he tried each cylinder. Two of the caps had been snapped before; the other four burst with

"That settles it!" muttered Lane, sternly.
"Draw closer, boys, and rig up some sort of a screen—a couple of blankets will do. Two of you hold them—so! the rest must keep a close watch. Those devils may be down upon us at any moment!"

Harry was not idle while giving these directions a few dry splinters Harry was not idle while giving these directions. Hastily collecting a few dry splinters, he struck a match and kindled a fire beneath the blankets held by his two comrades. His brow darkened as he examined his pistol. The traitor had not slurred over his work. Each tube of the weapon was crowded full of a stiff clay, yet so neatly done that the mischief could only be detected by a close examination. A stout pin speedily put the weapon in order, and then Harry turned his attention to the others. They, also, had been "doctored," but the remedy was equally as easy, and then the miners began to breathe freely once more. If the enemy intended an assault, they would be warmly received. "What 're you goin' to do about it?" persisted Dick Barnes, as the fire was extinguished and the little party settled down once more to their

the little party settled down once more to their

dreary watch.

"What can be done? what proof have we against any person? True, he was left alone with the weapons; but when we were sinking the gold out yonder, all our weapons were left on shore; and neither you nor I went into the water. He might just as well accuse us two, as we him; or there is poor Picard. No, Dick, we have made mistakes enough. If he returns, we must watch, but say nothing. If he does not—"

A low, cautious whistle came to their ears, followed by one of the signals which had been used by them in their hunt for the person who had delivered the first message from Fiery

Remember!" whispered Lane, warningly.

A moment later Gospel George entered the trench and silently dropped a wet, dripping object into Lane's hand. A peculiar thrill crept over the young man as he felt that it was human

You needn't be skeered, boss," said Gospe "You needn't be skeered, boss," said Gospel George, with a faint chuckle. "'Tain't no live skelp—I wish it was! I overtuck the pizen critter out thar, in the water, an' jest when I thought I hed him dead to rights, the thing giv' way an' he slipped me, by divin'. I hearn when he landed, an' struck after 'im, but he was too soople fer me, an' got off in the dark. You hain't none o' ye seen my pistol round here? I drapped the dratted thing when it played off on me."

Ours did the same—we found the tubes had en plugged up with clay," quietly uttered

If Gospel George was not innocent, his astonishment was a perfect bit of acting, so much so that even Grumbling Dick did not utter a word

of suspicion.
"I cain't see into it," muttered the old man, "Thar was my rifle—they hed jest as much chaince at it as t'others; an' yit she yelped out

"Didn't you wash it out this even ng, just after supper?" suddenly asked Tom Weston.
"That's it! an' the water must 'a' soaked out That's let an the water must a soaked out the stuff!" exclaimed Gospel George. "I reckon I'm losin' my mind not to think o' that! But that don't help us any—how did the durn stuff git in thar, an' who put it in? That's what we want to find out!"

"Talking will not mend the matter," interposed Harry. "Let it drop, now. To-morrow we will look it over. I think I have a clew that will lead us to the truth."
"Ef you do find the dirty sneak, jest let me

hev the fust lick at him, boss!" begged the old man. "Only fer him I'd 'a' made sure work o'

"You think it was Fiery Fred?"
"Yes; I don't reckon thar's many men in his "Yes; I don't reckon thar's many men in his gang as would think o' tryin' sech a trick, even ef they did know our weepons hed bin fixed. S'pose we'd thought o' sech a thing a little airlier? or ef I hedn't—like a durned bull-headed fool!—emptied my rifle at them rocks over yander—whar would he 'a' bin now?"

The party soon relapsed into complete silence. The knowledge that at least one traitor was among them, and possibly even them plotting

among them, and possibly even then plotting more mischief, was not an agreeable feeling, and not one of the number but eagerly welcomed the first light of day as it encircled the mountain

The dead miner was laid gently in the trench and covered with a blanket for the present Jotham Gray joined them, saying that his bro ther had not been disturbed by the night alarm and that the women would soon have breakfast

Harry Lane drew Grumbling Dick aside and spoke to him earnestly. He was going out to search for some signs of Ned Allen, and Dick must take charge of the camp during his absence. Picard must be buried, though it would be better not to attempt any other work.

"Let me go 'long with you, ruther then him.

"No; I can trust you here, but I can't him. I'd rather have him under my eye, all the time. Hist! not a word!" Gospel George approached them, showing the revolver which he had recovered. Like the rest,

"Put it in order," quietly said Lane. "We may have use for it this morning. You will go with me to look after Allen?"

with me to look after Allen?"
Gospel George gave a prompt assent, and no more was said on the subject until after breakfast. Lane spoke to each of the men in turn and warned them to extra caution.

In silence the two men left the valley by the pass taken by Ned Allen, nor was a word spoken until Gospel George abruptly paused beside a large bowlder, pointing out two clearly-defined footprints.

footprints.
"They're his'n. He stopped here—leaned back ag'in' the rock—them bits o' fuzz came from his shirt. I reckon we'll take up the trail from this

peint, ef you're 'greeable, boss."

"You can't follow it over these rocks!" exclaimed Harry, despondently. "A horse wouldn't leave a trail!"

"It was be about you're but Living it "second

n't leave a trail!"

"It may be slow work, but I kin do it,"quietly replied the old scout. "They's a heap o'
things I don't know nothin' about, but they
ain't follerin' a trail. It's the gift I'm proudest
of. You show me one eend of a trail, an' I'll
show you t'other, ef you're willin' to trust me.
Which is it?"

might hunt a month among these rocks without finding anything

"That de-pends on his style o' workin'. Now you watch me, an' you'll know somethin' more about the skience o' trailin' when we git

The scout seemed to forget all else in the in-terest of his work, stooping low as he glided along, reading the sign step by step, where, look keenly as he might, Harry could discover abso-

utely nothing.
"It's a gift, as I said afore," uttered Gospel George, with a low laugh, as he straightened himself to rest his back. "It's a gift, an' you hain't got it, while I hev—an' thar lays the hull difference. Ef a man ain't born a scout, all the practice in the world won't make him with shucks when it comes to pickin' up a blind trail. Ef I was only sure the boss was all right, I wouldn't ax no better fun then this kind of

trail. Ef I was only sure the boss was all right, I wouldn't ax no better fun then this kind o' work. But I'm wowndedly afeared the boy's run into trouble. Mebbe you don't know it, but this trail, ef it keeps right on, 'll lead chuck up to the shanty o' that greaser feller. You don't reckon he had any thoughts o' her?"

"He started out to look for her. That dog belonged to her, I believe," slowly replied Lane.
Gospel George made no reply, but a shade crept over his face, and from that moment on his running fire of quaint remarks ceased, nor did he speak again until, coming to where the trail grew less distinct, he handed Lane his rifle.

"You will hold that for me. I've got to do me close work here. Mind an' don't come too some close work here. Mind an' don't come too nigh and spyle what little chaince thar is." Harry's suspicions, which had all along been gradually lessening, as he noted the intense earnestness displayed by the trailer, were en-tirely set at rest by this voluntary disarm-ing. Surely a traitor would not so carelessly place himself utterly at the mercy of the be-

Slowly but surely the keen-eyed scout picked out the trail until the difficult point was passed, and within another half-hour he reached the ridge from which Ned Allen had caught his first

glimpse of the stone building.

After a brief scrutiny, the march was resumed, the work now being comparatively easy. Ned, in running along to intercept Inez, had left

Ned, in running along to intercept mez, had left a broad trail.

"I knowed it!" muttered Gospel George, as the huge bowlder was reached. "The lad was led into a trap—look at the blood!"

"It may not have been his," faltered Lane,

"It may not have been his," faltered Lane, deeply moved.

In silent answer Gospel George pointed to a dark object lying half beneath a rock. Harry grasped it up, with a low groan. It was the hat worn by the missing miner.

"He may have only been wounded—he may be a prisoner," he muttered, grasping at the faintest hope.

"It may be, but I'm dub'ous. Look!" and the scout pointed to a pile of rocks hastily thrown together. "They's a dead man kivered up thar—you kin see his clo'es!"

Without a word Harry sprung forward and began tearing aside the rough stones, resolved on learning the truth, however bitter. But at that instant a crushing weight seemed to fall

that instant a crushing weight seemed to fall upon his head, and a low, taunting laugh rung in his ear; then all was blackness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL NOTES AND GOSSIP.

THOUGH the League championship season has ended there will still be plenty of playing done until the regular closing day of the season, Thanksgiving Day, in November. Now is the time for the statistics of the season's play to begin to be published, and the Western papers are going into the figure business with a rush. The Chicago Tribune began it, and the Louisville Courier followed suit, both papers tables differing in their conclusions. Both leave out the Cincinnati club's averages, which s not just. It is all very well to throw out the club's games in the championship count,

but not in the making-up of the averages. the following players occupy the first three

positions in their respective nines:				
tost les slog de	BATTING.	PER CENT OF		
PLAYERS.		BASE-HITS TO TIMES AT BAT.		
White, 1b	Boston	391		
Sutton, s.s Cassidy, r.f	Hartford	347		
Start, 16 Burdock, 2b	nd strengths o			
Anson, 3b, McVey, c Peters, s. s	Chicago			
Peters, s. s Hall, l.f	Louisville			
Hall, l.f Gerhardt, 2b Crowley, c.f		300		
Clapp, c Remsen, c.f Force, s, s	. St. Louis			
Force, s, s	. to "Hell			

		FIELDING.	
1	PLAYERS.	CLUBS.	PER CENT OF CHANCES ACCEPTED
	Start	Hartford	
	Burdock		890
h	York		
1	Spalding	Chicago	955
	Barnes		940
	Glenn		916
	White	Boston	948
	Morrell	Transmous T.	
S	Leonard		898
2	Latham	Louisville .	
1	Latham Craver	Ne. Leel? Ashell	896
e			
	Croft		
1	Force		924

The following are the nines engaged for 1878 ST. LOUIS.
Snyder Clapp, catcher.
Devlin, pitcher.
Craft, 1st base.
McGeary, 2d base.
Battin, 3d base.
Pearce, short-stop.
Hall, left-field.
Blong, center-field.
Clapp, right-field.
HARTRORD

thus far: Bosto Manning, right-field.

ike, center-field. elley, right-field.

Hines, center-field. Higham, right-field. Base-Ball has been introduced into Turkey through the efforts of the Rev. Chas. J. Rich ardson, of the West Point Board of Directors When this gentleman graduated at Hobart Col ege he accepted the position of professor of the higher English branches in Roberts College, Constantinople, which he held for three years. He devoted the hours of recreation to the inducting of his pupils into the mysteries of the diamond field. There were soon two capital clubs formed among the students, and the game became so popular that now there are nines in

HARTFORD.

all parts of the empire.

The following is the batting and fielding record of the Brooklyn-Hartford team in League games, the percentage being first-base hits to times at bat: Cassidy, '380; Start, '327 York, '280; Carey, '259; Holdsworth, '251; Ferguson, 250; Burdock, 238; Larkin, 225; Harbridge, '224; Allison, '145. The fielding record is as follows, the percentage being come. chances accepted to chances offered: Start, 1st a deed will follow him to his grave, and will

'860; Holdsworth, c. f., '859; York, l. f., '853; Carey, s. s., 833; Allison, c., '812; Harbridge, c., '812; Cassidy, r. f., '766; Larkin, p., '753.

The Chicago club have as yet done nothing toward getting up a team for 1878. At a re-cent meeting they elected officers for the ensuing year, but nothing was done to show whether the club intended getting up a new team or not. It was found, under the charter of the club, that some officers would have to be elected to carry on the business of the corporation until the expiration of the contracts which it had out; and accordingly Messrs. J. B. Lyon, W. H. Murray, Philip Wadsworth, W. A. Hulbert, and A. G. Spalding were chosen Directors. The Board subsequently elected W. A. Hulbert President, and A. G. Spalding Secretary. The list of Directors contains one new name, that of Philip Wadsworth. Mr. Hulbert will probably run the machine

himself next season. He had all to say in the work of 1877. The following card from Ben Shott, of Cincinnati, shows how utterly unfit for the man ager of a reliable professional team he is:

"To the Editor of the Enquirer:

"The Brown Stocking Base-Ball Club, after giving me two dates, reconsidered their action, and now fear to play me, knowing that heep have a snide nine I now will bet them two dollars to one, as often as they dare put up, that the Ludlows can beat them on any day and any place, winning club take stakes and give gate receipts to the Children's Home. Put up Browns or shut up, and say you fear the Ludlows.

"Manager Ludlow Base-Ball Club."

It was Shott who tried his best target.

It was Shott who tried his best to make Sunday ball-playing legal in the Queen City and its suburbs, but he failed.

Adventures in the North-west.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE, Formerly of the Hudson Bay Company's Service.

PLUCK vs. LUCK.

THE writer was at one time employed as a scout by the commandant at Fort Owen; and while in the service of the Government met with one of those adventures so rare in the life of the scout and hunter, illustrating the fact that some men seem to bear a "charmed

There are some whom the Indians have come to regard with a feeling of superstition—who, they imagine, are under the especial protection

In one of my excursions about the fort, I came upon the fresh track of a grizzly bear, and as it was early in the day I resolved to

have a little sport. (Now I do not wish the reader to throw the JOURNAL aside with the remark, "another big lie!" for there are many who can testify to the

truth of this "bear story;" and, after all, it may not be like some other one they may have I had been in at the death of several griz zlies, but never having killed one alone, I proposed to do it or—what? I took the track and

put after the bear. The country here was very rough. Great hills lifting their snow-capped summits on every side; the scrub-oak thickets in little oatches all around; the memory of which was brought to me years later, in the dark-green chaparral groves of New Mexico.

Following up the track, I found it led up a heavily-wooded hill, the top of which, visible through the tops of the sycamores, was covered with enormous piles of rock—great bowlders of granite—and it was among these rocks that I expected to meet his bearship.

I started to make the tour of the hill, to see if I could discover any tracks leading down. I had made about half the circuit, and was turning the corner of a large rock, when I was

confronted by the grizzly himself. was not more than ten feet from him, and I imagine he was as much astonished as my-

self: but as he rose to his hind feet, I gave him a shot in the breast. In my haste I had not taken very accurate aim, and the ball, instead of finding his heart,

glanced off inflicting a severe wound. Of course this only enraged the bear, and I hastened to put a greater distance between us, o started on a run down the slope. In going straight or diagonally down, I could

outrun the bear, but I knew that if I started up I was a "goner," for the long hind legs of the bear gave him a great advantage over me. But, as there is an end to everything, so there was to that hill; and I knew that unle I disabled him before we reached the level ground, my chances of escape were slim, and that the Government would be one man '

My gun was a breech-loading rifle, and it re quired but a short time to get a ball into place: and every time I stopped to fire, the bear would rise upon his feet, just in time to receive my shot in his huge carcass.

I gave him seven shots, the last fortunately piercing his brain, and ending the fight. I had about come to the conclusion that he was bullet-proof, and had I failed with my last shot to bring him down, I had resolved to drop

my gun, and go for him with my knife. But I was saved the experiment; and, nearly exhausted, I sat down upon the bleeding

I consider it within the province of every writer to give an intelligible description of the subjects upon which he writes; and that as he goes along—it has certainly been my experience that the author who does that pleases the greatest number of readers - and with that understanding of my duty, I shall endeavor to follow it.

It is not going beyond the bounds of truth to assert that the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is as formidable an enemy as the hunter is called upon to meet, wherever the hunting-ground, or whatever the animal may

When caught out on the open prairie, where he can be attacked on horseback and lassoed, the chances are against the bear; but in a broken country, woe to his assailants, unless life is saved by some trick, a lucky shot, or some inlooked-for expedient.

These bears weigh from six to fifteen hundred pounds, and their fore feet, which they can manage with the dexterity of a trained boxer, often measure fifteen inches across.

The courage, sagacity and skill invariably shown by a grizzly bear, when fighting, are not equaled by any other animal on the face of the globe, not excepting even the African

Of the Indians who live mostly by hunting nine out of ten would, single-handed and alone, put to flight a dozen of the cowardly African who generally hunt the lion in his native wilds and among the braves of any tribe, he is the bravest who, alone, will attack and kill a griz

If he succeeds, which is rarely the case, his fortune is made in the tribe for all time to The reputation of performing so great Go on. There is no other chance. One b., '963; Burdock, 2d b., '899; Ferguson, 3d b., form one of the chief features in the tradition

through all succeeding generations.

After carefully refilling the chambers of my rifle, I had laid down upon the carcass of the bear to take a little rest, but my siesta was of

short duration. Hearing a noise behind me, I turned my nead and saw five Indians each with an arrow fitted to his bow-string. They had undoubtedly witnessed my fight with the grizzly, and looked as if they would like to become the possessors, both of myself and the bear; and simultaneously they made a rush for me.

By a lucky shot I brought down the foremost Indian, badly wounding the one behind him, who commenced a howling that would have done credit to a first-class "mule con-

i then turned to run, thinking they would follow me, and that I would be able to pick them off one at a time.

The three remaining red-skins let fly their arows--every one of which passed through my clothing, but none of them drawing blood. they fired, I turned and returned the compli-

ment, bringing down one more. Only two were left; and had there been any shelter near I should have had no fears. As it was, I sought refuge behind the nearest tree, which I had barely reached when two more

arrows came whizzing past. Plucky fellows, at all events, thought I; and before they could conceal themselves I got another shot at one, which, though it did not kill him, broke his right arm; so I counted him out of the play, and waited patiently for the

other to make his appearance. I could tell where he was concealed, but could not succeed in drawing his shot.

At length, getting tired of waiting, I stepped from behind the tree, giving him a fair shot at me. He took advantage of his opportunity, and his arrow brushing my ear made me think

that I was, perhaps, a little rash. I discharged my gun at the place where I had last seen him. The result was as I had anticipated; he sprung out, and, drawing his tomahawk, he rushed toward me.

He had not seen me reload my piece, and supposing it was now empty, was confident of

ecuring my scalp. He reckoned without his host; or was not equainted with the breech-loading carbine. He did not stop, but came on with a yell.

It was his last one, however, for, as I pressed the trigger, he made one leap into the air, and fell with his death-song frozen between his After resting awhile I skinned the grizzly,

and cutting off his claws returned to the fort. I narrated my adventures, but there is a imple yet profound truth from Enoch Arden 'Things seen are greater than things heard,' and the Indian part of the story they would not believe, until, accompanied by a squad of the soldiers, I next morning led them to the scene of the unequal conflict.

We found the carcass of the bear, and also the bodies of three Indians, together with the blood-covered tracks of the wounded ones. I had not expected to come out of the fraca

with the bear, with a whole skin—much less the encounter with the Indians; but it was pluck against luck, and my disregard of conse

quences took me through all sound.

I have not given this incident in a spirit of egotism, but merely to show how much danger a man may pass through and come out "scot free." No wonder the Indians regard with a feeling of superstition, the man who goes through such dangers without receiving his death-wound.

[Note.—It is a historical fact, found in the re ports of the commanding officer, that Maj. Martin lid kill three Indians, almost in sight of the fort.-

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At night he sung to her pla-toons, And no one could sing louder; He saw good looks and music were Effective as gunpowder.

He was as much a prisoner
As if the foe had got him;
It was a glance of her bright eye
Which had so surely shot him.

Indeed, it thrilled his corporal frame To se her through a wicket; And if she had a fault on earth He thought he could not picket.

In private he shed privateers, And oft some sighs he vented, Until a prisoner of war His arms he then presented.

He very gladly signed the terms To his capitulation; And so he took the chances of His present situation.

But ah, although he was in war A very Alexander, He found that he was under a Most terrible commander.

He'd rather face a fe fi foe
Than dry-goods bill for dresses,
And quite a lot of monthly pay
He saw go out for-tresses.

The charges of the dry-goods men Set both his cheeks to parching, And very soon he saw that she Was good at counter-marching. She figured much at dress-parade, Which made him very nervous; He saw that a mistake he made Enlisting in her service.

Her company was much too much Because she ruled head-quarters: And he was, as a general thing, Most always under orders.

When he'd complain, war was declared, And brooms and things did rattle, Until it got an awful thing For him to offer battle.

She'd quickly bring him into line.

He wanted a division;

And at the last he did resign

His we risome commission.

The Flyaway Afloat:

YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON, "CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE," "THE SEAL-HUNTERS," ETC.

IN THE CRATER—THE MAD KANAKA'S GRAVE.
THE Flyaway ran into Honolulu at last.
Here they found a spacious harbor containing Here they found a spacious harbor containing a large number of ships of various kinds, especially whalers. They had come here to see the great volcano which is now known all the world over, Kilauea. In the schooner they ran over to Kau, and there she lay at anchor, while the entire party and crew, except the two men left in charge of the schooner, disembarked, and hiring horses, began their march for the great volcano. For two days, by easy stages, they kept on their way, and at last reached the great plateau, four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Vesuvius is dwarfed into insignificance Vesuvius is dwarfed into insignificance before the mighty crater of Kilauea. Vesuvius rises to a hight of thirty-five hundred feet, with rises to a hight of thirty-live hundred feet, with a crater a thousand feet in circumference; but the man who makes the circuit of the crater of Kilauea must march ten miles. They waited for the night at the small house, known as the Volcano House, upon the verge of the crater; for Kilauea can only be seen in her glory under the shadow of night. As the darkness came, a clear bright column was seen rising from the burning crater, a column which swaved to and burning crater, a column which swayed to and fro and changed to varied lights, from bright crimson to pale rose. As they stepped out upon the platform and looked down, they saw the vast amphitheater lighted up from center to circumference by the fiery glow. In various parts, where the power of the hidden flame had broken the crust, the lava was boiling up furiously through the orifice, in many cases more than a hundred feet in diameter. From these holes the molten lava ran out in various directions, accompanied wherever it run by a whitich characteristic and the companied wherever it run by a whitich the second companied wherever it run by a whitich the second companied wherever it run by a whitich the second companied wherever it run by a whitich the second companied wherever it run by a whitich the second companied wherever it run by a whitich the second companied wherever it run by a whiting the second companies of the second companies o

companied wherever it ran by a whitish glare.
In their varied wanderings the Yankee Boys had seen many sights, but none to compare with this. Rona stood speechless and awe-struck, for this sight was wonderful to her. "It is awful," said Richard Wade. "I can

imagine the day when this great crater awoke in all its fury, and poured a flery flood upon the peaceful villagers below. What is Vesuvius to this?"

"A mere plaything," answered Sawyer.
But look here; you ain't seen anything yet, I

Shall Rona go?" asked Will. "I don't know," replied Sawyer. "Thar's danger in the crater, and I think too high of her to take any risk. But then, the 'North Lake ' is a sight wuth seeing, and I'm tempted I must go, my husband," she pleaded. "Let

me not remain behind."

He produced a pair of shoes which he had prepared for her, with thick cork soles, covered by a coating of asbestos. These she put on, and he wrapped about her a thick pilot coat, as a from the sparks, and ordered the

The Kanaka who acted as guide upon this occasion was a strange creature. Some said he was half crazed, but at the same time there was no man alive better fitted than he to guide them into the depths of the crater—a man of giant frame, who yet had a kindly feeling for the religion of his fathers, and had never for-given the missionaries for entering these fair islands and overthrowing the ancient faith. His face was completely hidden under beautifully-executed tattooing, and as they looked at his brawny frame and saw the play of his powerful muscles, they were sensible that he would be a hard man to meet in the close tug of a des-

They passed on over the shaking floor of the crater, following the steps of the guide. A sailor who strayed away to one side broke through the crust. He was quickly dragged

out by his comrades, who then realized how thin was the floor which held them up.

"Lookee here, my lads," cried Sawyer, an-grily. "The next one who strays out of the line I'll trice up and flog! You hear me, my

There was no more straying after that. The Kanaka marched on, feeling the way with his naked feet. The true path was worn smooth, and when his feet struck the needles of lava he could tell that he was out of the path. In this way they proceeded in silence, until at last they strayed out worn broad solid shalf end late. tepped out upon a broad, solid shelf, and looked down upon the sea of fire

down upon the sea of fire.

It was wonderful! Below them lay a lake, the extent of which they could not see, and which was one great heaving mass of glowing and molten lava. All stood hushed in silence as they gazed upon the scene, the like of which they could never hope to see in any other land. At times they heard a rumbling sound under the liquid mass, followed by an explosion, and the bed of the lake would heave up, and a column of fire leap into the air, branching out

column of fire leap into the air, branching out like the limbs of a great winter tree as it fell.

At another place, where some terrible subterranean force was at work, the lava rose in the shape of a beautiful fountain, which rained a ceaseless spray of fire upon the surface of that infarnal sea.

Inchest had the hunted and we the hunters, and I don't think you'll go huntin' wolf-herders ag'in.'

"This told us that we war in the power of the wolf-herders themselves; and I shuddered with fear. The sheriff said somethin' back in a with a frisky, black-eyed little maid, and she with a frisky, black-eyed little maid, and she

Scattered about, at various points, rose hol-Scattered about, at various points, rose notlow cones of lava, literally spouting fire. Every
voice was hushed at the grandeur of the scene.
A look of fierce joy passed over the face of the
Kanaka as he stepped to the front and looked
down upon the boiling sea.

"Look, look!" he cried. "This is the god I
worship. Where will you find one more mighty
then hos?"

"Come back!" cried Richard Wade. "The lava might break off." The Kanaka looked at him with a strange in-

tentness.

"Stranger," he spoke, solemnly, "when my god claims his child he is ready to go. Ha!" and as he spoke the part upon which he stood sunk swiftly downward, and there remained stationary, leaving between him and the horrified party a gaping chasm forty feet wide, and extending downward to an unknown depth.

A wild, exultant cry broke from the lips of the mad Kanaka, who stood with folded arms upon the highest point of the narrow place upon

upon the highest point of the narrow place upon which his feet were set, appearing to exult as by slow and almost imperceptible degrees the lava

rock sunk downward.

"A rope, for God's sake!" cried Richard
Wade. "The man is doomed if we do not save

him."

The lava rock was slowly sinking beneath the level of the platform upon which they stood, as a sailor ran forward with a coil of rope upon his arm and flung one end down to the doomed man below.

"Grab it, old fellow!" he shouted, "and make it fast to the point of the rock. You can shin

up the rope."

But the Kanaka, with a repetition of his fierce laugh, caught the end of the rope and flung it into the chasm.

"No, no, no!" he answered. "I am not to be saved; the god has called and I am ready."

"Haul it back and make a lasso," cried Saw-ver. "Make haste now!"

Thail it back and make a lasso, check saw yer. "Make haste now!"

This was quickly done, and one of the men who was well used to the work cast it quickly downward. The skillfully-aimed rope fell over the head of the Kanaka and was drawn taut. A horrible yell burst from the throat of the Kanaka, and his knife flashed out. Even as he was raised a foot or two from the rock the rope was severed, and the man dropped upon the laya-hed again.

was raised a not the man dropped upon the lava-bed again.

"I will not be saved!" he cried, his wild laugh pealing out across the white sea below him.

"My god calls me, and I must go."

As the last hope was over, the sailors drew back in silent horror. The rock now began to descend more rapidly, and still the wild laughter of the man rung out. Suddenly he bounded to the edge of the rock, shook his clenched hand at the party above him, and plunged head foremost into the boiling sea, scorched and shriveled out of the semblance of humanity almost before his body touched the fiery waves. Rona, covering her face, sunk almost senseless upon the bosom of her husband, and a shuddering groan passed through the ranks of the sailors.

The grand sight had no longer any charms for

passed through the ranks of the sailors.

The grand sight had no longer any charms for them, as they remembered the horrible grave of the Kanaka. They drew slowly away and recommenced their perilous march without a guide. It was a time of danger, and many times they paused utterly bewildered, warned by the crunching of the needle-points under their feet that they were off the track. When this happened they stood quiet while the sailors searched for the path, and then marched on. It was nearly morning when, faint and weary, they climbed the rugged path, and sunk down exhausted upon the floor of the Volcano House.

A few days later the Flyaway stood out to sea and bore away upon the course which would take them past the stormy "Horn." They had yet some things to see, and some perils to encounter, before the prow of the Flyaway parted the sparkling waves of the Delaware.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 390.)

Jack Corbin's Adventure.

BY OLL COOMES.

EVERY evening during our journey up the Niobrara river toward the Black Hills, we drew upon the inexhaustible supply of our guide, Jack Corbin, for a story of adventure. Old Jack had been a hunter, scout and guide all his life, and so he had been "through the dirt will," and hed treasured up in wemory. all his life, and so he had been "through the flint mill" and had treasured up in memory the recollection of many a wild and daring adventure. And then, he loved to sit evenings and smoke and tell them, and we liked to listen to him, for he possessed a peculiar vein of whimsical humor, and threw a droll nether and freeinsting horror into his style of pathos and fascinating horror into his style of narrative that made him quite enjoyable.

The howl of a wolf near camp one evening soon after we had eaten our supper and had taken our places before the fire to talk and smoke away the hours until bedtime, caused one of the party to make some remark about the animal, when Old Jack removed his pipe

the animal, when Old Jack removed his pipe from his mouth, and said:
"I never hear a wolf but what it brings up a strange, startling event in my mind, and causes me to shudder like a young earthquake. This war some fifteen years ago, I think. I war down in the western part of Nubraska, whar they war payin' a lammin' big bounty on wolf-skulps, which made wolf-huntin' a purty fair business for some of them. Of course they'd pay nothin' only on skulps taken in that county, and when a man presented course they'd pay nothm' only on skulps taken in that county, and when a man presented his skulps he had to swear that they were taken in that county. Thar war a certain pair of suspicious-lookin' fellers that made their appearance at the auditor's office so regularly with piles of skulps, that s'picion finally riz as to their doin' a legitimate business—confinn' their operations strictly to that county. Thar war some of the authorities b'lieved that Thar war some of the authorities b'lieved tha That war some of the autorities of never that these men were wolf-herders—that is, made a business of breedin' wolves for the bounty on their skulps; and the more the matter was thought over the stronger the folks become in their convictions. Of course, if they were wolfherders their dens war hid away off in the deep recesses of the distant mountains whar they

might never be found. might never be found.

"However, the sheriff, Dick Hall, and his deputy and two others concluded to make a grand hunt for the supposed retreat of the wolf-herders; and they imployed me to act as guide, and away we plunged—over the prairie and into the deep recesses of the mountains. Of course the three first days out we done little but talk and plan drink and smoke; but on the talk and plan, drink and smoke; but on the fourth day we begun to think 'bout wolves and wolf-herders, and Injins, also; for durin' the day we were fired upon by some one in ambush, and I war wounded in the shoulder. It war only a slight flesh wound; and yet I bled like a stuck pig, and suffered some from loss of blood. But the boys bound up my shoulder the best they could, and give me brandy as a substitute for blood; and you may bet it required considerable—cut off the sheriff and his men's rations

like everything.
"That night we went into bivouac under som ow scrubby pines earlier than usual, on account of my condition. We lighted a fire, eat our supper, took a smoke, stationed a guard and turned in for the night. I war excused from duty that ght, owin' to my hurt and a slight fever; a I laid down nigh the fire and fell asleep. nadn't laid thar long when the crack of rifles and some horrible yells startled me; and the next moment a dozen fierce-lookin' men charged in upon us, and beat us down. The next minute we war bound hand and foot.

'Ha! ha!' laughed the demon that appeared to be the leader of the gang; 'this is ther luckiest haul we've made, boys. You, gents, have become the hunted and we the hunters,

defiant manner, when the leader ag'in shot out his terrible threats:

"'We'll see that you don't bother us ag'in; you fellers 'll make jist as good wolf feed as deer or buffalo, seein' as yer in mighty good flesh; so yer might as well be sayin' yer prayers, for in less 'an a hour you'll be in the gullets of a hundred hungry wolves."

"Heavens, boys!" and old Jack appeared to shudder at the recollections of that awful night; "you may bet the blood and brandy in my veins rolled along heavily and coldly. I tried to expostulate and explain to the demons of the wolf-pens, but I'll swear my tongue was froze-refused to obey the will-power of my mind. It seemed, howsumever, that they divined my very thoughts and war all the more barbarous and inhuman. They put us on some old racks of ponies, and carried us away through dark passes and deep gorges, and finally drew up in a dismal, horrible place. The snappin' and snarlin' and yelpin' of wolves told us that we had arriv' at the pens of the wolf-herders. Arter we war taken off our ponies, we received the cheerin' information that we war to be at once fed to the wolves.

"'Great mercy!' exclaimed our nervous

'Great mercy!' exclaimed our nervous

friend, Leffler.
"Yes, and we war act'ly carried alive, and bound hand and foot, to a high stone fence and bound hand and foot, to a high stone fence and thrown over into the pen whar a hundred grim, gaunt wolves war waitin' for us. The animals rolled to'rds us like a great wave. Still my tongue was stiff with horror and my limbs paralyzed. Several wolves come to me and sniffed around me, and then pranced off to the other boys. I reckon they concluded I had too much whisky in my system for their appetites; but they pitched into the sheriff and his men and began to devour 'em, soul and body.

'Oh, heavens! never till my dyin' day will I cease to hear the cries of them poor wretches as

cease to hear the cries of them poor wretches as the beasts eat and tore their lives away, piece by piece. The sheriff lay close to me. He was the beasts eat and tore their lives away, piece by piece. The sheriff lay close to me. He was a powerful big man—a perfect type of manhood. I could see him plainly, for the moon was shinin' bright. I could see the animals tearin' off strips of hot, quivering flesh from limb and body. I could see the tendons and nerves layin' bare, quiver and jerk. I could hear the blood gurgling from the awful wounds, and hear the wolves lappin' it up. I see'd the white bones stripped off their flesh, even while cries of agony war issuin' from the poor man's lips.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Downly, shuddering with horror at the recital of death and suffering; "them wolf-herders must have been worse than flends incarnate."

"I don't know what you'd call 'em, boys; but they seemed to enjoy the carnival, for they stood outside and laughed and haw-hawed at every groan."

every groan."
"Great God!" exclaimed Hamton, smiting
the ground with his clenched fist, while Downly
removed the end of his pipe-stem from his
mouth that he had bit off in the moment of ex-"Little by little," continued Corbin in a cool,

"Little by little," continued Corbin in a cool, deliberate way, "I saw my friends devoured. One by one I heard their cries of agony hushed as their lives went out in that awful death. And I knew my turn 'd soon come, whisky or no whisky in my system. The wolves 'd had a taste of human flesh and nothin' 'd stay 'em. I laid waitin' for the ordeal, not carin' how soon it 'd come an' be over with; and presently a big wolf sauntered up to me and thrust his nose, that smelt sickish with the hot blood of the sheriff, into my very face. Then he sniffed around a little, and finally opened his jaws and seized my arm in his sharp fangs, and begun tearin' at the limb. But what do you think happened at this moment, boys?"

tearin' at the limb. But what do you think happened at this moment, boys?"

"Some one came to your rescue," I answered.

"No, no; the sting of the wolf's teeth broke the spell that bound my tongue and paralyzed my body. In an instant I seemed to become possessed of the strength of an unearthly bein'. I snapped my bonds like threads and rose to a sittin' posture; and then—oh, Jerusalem! I—"

"Fought your way out and escaped! Good! good!" cried Leffier, anxious to hear the last of the terrible story.

good!" cried Leffier, anxious to hear the last of the terrible story.

"No," continued Corbin, with a smile; "I rose to a sittin' posture and found our camp-fire burnin' brightly before us, and the sheriff and his men sleepin' sweetly around it, and a coal of fire, havin' popped out of the heap of red flames nigh, was layin' on my arm and burnin' through my sleeve to the quick. This coal of fire was the wolf's teeth that awoke me. I'd been dream-in'."

'Confound you!" exclaimed Leffler, express g the surprise and indignation we shi left at a wing our credulity preyed upon; "I wish our story 'd been true, and it'd been you instead the sheriff devoured."
"Haw! haw! haw!" roared old Jack; "sin-

'ler 'bout a story losin' its charm when it turns aut to be a dream, arn't it?"

And he resumed his pipe, leaving us to our

AN ALBUM DEDICATION. BY A. W. BELLAW.

To Love, which is thy kingdom sweet, So nobly ruled, we Muses nine This little volume do consign, And offer, kneeling at thy feet, The flowers of many a loving mind-

Forget-me-nots of memory meet
From kindly hearts that deem thee kind.
And may their incense rise as rose
The sacrificial offerings given
On shrines the patriarch pilgrims chose
To urge their worship unto Heaven;
Finding in thee as theirs in God

Pretty Mrs. Gordon.

Loving acceptance and abode

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS

THAT is what I always call her, to this day, and, spite of all that's come and gone, it's her true title, for I do believe she was the prettiest reature I ever laid eyes on.

And she dressed with such exquisite taste, coo, it set off her bright, dark beauty so well,

and she was such a dainty, childlike little thing —why, even John couldn't help acknowledging her beauty, though he didn't take to her, from

But I thought him wrong in that, much as I trusted to his judgment, for you see, John—well, John Earl and my humble self have been petrothed for several years, and next spring, after Alice marries, why, I am going to the city to keep house with John. But that isn't my story.

When our dear parents died they left Alice and me this fine, old-fashioned home, a good supply of solid, old-fashioned furniture and silver and household linen, a good, old-fashioned servant who had lived with us since Alice was a baby, eighteen years ago, and very little ready

money.

So, as we could not give up our home, or be parted, we looked about us for two or three good, old-fashioned boarders who would stay with us all the year round, and be able to pay well for a real home.

Well, we found two, just what we wanted;

Wise Policies as alderly madden learn and Mark

Miss Raleigh, an elderly maiden lady, and Mrs. Stevens, a widow lady, who were glad to escape from the dust and noise of the city, and who were amply able to pay us good prices were amply able to pay us good prices for our best rooms

And this they did, only stipulating that we should not take other boarders, but all have a quiet home together.

So we were just a houseful of women, you see—not a man on the place, unless we except Billy, the half-grown boy who milked the cow and tended the garden and drove our little car-

begged so hard to be taken just for a month or two of the hottest weather, saying we looked so cool and delightful out there, and she dreaded the hotel so much, that it was hard to resist her.

Miss Raleigh was in the parlor when she called, and she was so fascinated by the little dependence of the complete of the co

called, and she was so fascinated by the little widow's loveliness and liveliness that she gave

widow's loveliness and hvenness that sale gave her consent to her coming at once.

So then we consulted Mrs. Stevens—you remember our agreement with them made it necessary—and she, too, was quite won over, and so the result was, that we made pretty Mrs. Gordon an exception, and took her and her frisky little maid, Jeannette, into our charmed household.

She took possession that very day, coming down with three large trunks from the city. She professed herself delighted with our fine old home and plentiful country fare, and she certainly delighted us with her beauty, and her bewitching ways, and her lovely toilets, and her wonderful music. For she made the keys of Alice's piano almost talk, and as Alice, herself was the only player among us, and she but an indifferent one, such a musician was a great

John came down to take tea on Sunday, as he generally did, and then he met our new boarder.

After supper I asked him if he did not think

"Yes, she is pretty—that can't be denied," he said, slowly.
"Well, what fault can you find?" I said, see-

well, what faint can you had? I said, seeing he held something back.
"None, perhaps; but I don't like her, and I wish you hadn't taken her, Jane. I believe she is a little adventuress, that's all."
"Why, John Earl! her references were unexpensed."

ceptionable, and she is a member of St. John's church and a teacher in the Sunday-school!"
"Is she? Well, I hope she's a good one," said John, dryly, and there the subject drop-

But we all fell more and more in love with pretty Mrs. Gordon every day, and wondered how we ever did without her. Even Miss Raleigh, who was very stately and seldom made friends, unbent to the pretty little widow, and had her in her room half the time—actually let

her fix over her head-dresses for her, so as to make her look ten years younger. Indeed she was always fixing up some little thing for all of us. Nobody could loop a skirt or tie a ribbon or adjust a tie or a vail like pretty Mrs. Gordon, and we hardly ever went out without undergoing some manipulations

from her dainty fingers.

She had been with us about six weeks, when one Saturday afternoon I received from our business agents sixteen hundred dollars, the proeeds of a little interest in a coal mine belonging

to Alice and me.

It was too late to take it to the city, where our small surplus was deposited, and I, being half unwilling to keep so much money two nights in a lonely house full of women, felt strongly inclined to go over to the village, and deposit it there till Monday morning.

But on second thought, I concluded that was nonsense—the afternoon was warm, I was busy, and sixteen hundred dollars would be as safe as o Alice and me.

and sixteen hundred dollars would be as safe as

six in my own drawer.
So I counted the bills to be sure they were right, locked them in a little jewel-casket, and locked it in my bureau. As I opened the door of my room to go down-stairs, I met Jeannette, who said she was just going to knock—Mrs. Gordon was going to walk over to the village could she do anything for me? I thanked her said I would be glad if she would call at the post-office, and went my way to see about sup

per.

The next morning we all went to church except our servant, Hannah, who remained at home to have dinner ready.

In the afternoon, Hannah wished to go out, and as I did not wish the house to be quite alone, I remained at home myself. Having a slight headache, I lay down upon the sofa in the cool parlor and took quite a nap. I sprung up as soon as I wakened, and went up-stairs to arrange my hair, meeting pretty Mrs. Gordon coming down.

"I did not know you were at home," said I.

"I have this moment come in and taken off my hat," she said, with a sweet smile, "and was coming down for a drink of ice-water from the hall pitcher."

I heard her go to the pitcher, and then into the parlor, where she sat for a long time playing grand old church music, and singing softly in tones so sweet that it made me think of hea-

ven and angels' music.

Next morning, as we were gathering at the breakfast-table, Miss Raleigh came in, pale and

frightened, saying her room had been entered during the night by a burglar, and her watch and chain, and all her valuable jewelry taken. We all sprung up in consternation, and went to Miss Raleigh's room, where we found the win dow which opened upon the roof of a back piaz za, partly raised, and the shutters pushed open as if surely indicating the way the burglar had

Miss Raleigh had slept soundly, and heard nothing, she said but had noticed her window when she first woke, and upon searching, found

all her jewels gone.
"We might all have been murdered in our beds!" cried Mrs. Stevens, pale and trembling, while pretty Mrs. Gordon fell to crying like a child, declaring she would not dare to stay another night under a roof where there was no man

Did any of the rest lose anything?" asked

Alice.
"I hav'n't noticed in my room," said Mrs.
Stevens. "Let us all go and look." And to our rooms we went, I opening my bureau with a sinking heart. It was as I feared—my casket, which had only contained the money,

my casket, which had only contained the money, was gone, case and all!

Some unaccountable impulse prompted me to conceal my loss from the rest, when I joined them again, and I hardly noticed that pretty Mrs. Gordon stopped crying and looked queerly at me, when I reported that my things were all right. And then she fell to sobbing again, saying hers were all right, too, but she never doubted that it would be her turn next, and she dared ed that it would be her turn next, and she dared not stay there another nigh

Mrs. Stevens reported that every article of iewelry and all the money she had in her purse were gone, and Alice said the same.

This was a serious case, and we were at a loss what to do. I said I should go up to town and consult Mr. Earl and a lawyer, and I begged them to do nothing till I came back.

They all promised, but pretty Mrs. Gordon said I must be sure to come back before night, then, for she knew she was a dreadful little coward, but she must go over to the village and stay

at the hotel for a few nights. She would only

take Jeannette and a little sachel, and when we got all quiet again she would come back.

I was not willing she should go, but I thought likely she would get over her fright by evening and stay, so I only asked her if I could do any errands in the city for her.

She said no—then yes, if I would be so kind I might stop at Sharpless's and match a piece of lace for her—she wanted five yards more—it was five dollars a yard—and she gave me the twenty-five dollars to pay for it.

It seemed to me that trains and ferryboats went at snail's paces that morning, but at last

went at snail's paces that morning, but at last I was in Fourth street and in John's office.

"Um—um—yes, to be sure!" said John, stroking his mustache with a thoughtful air. "Very bad, Jenny! Very bad! And your pretty little widow is the only one who wants to leave, you save" Yes. And I don't want any one to leave

with such a stain on our house, John."
"By all means keep your pretty widow till I come down with an officer and search her

trunks."
I sprung to my feet. "Why, John Earl, are you mad?" I cried.
"Neither mad nor deluded, my dear little woman," said John, coolly. "But I have a little theory about this thing, Jane, and if you will let me work it out I may help you. I must have

here, will you? I think I'll have a plan perfected by that time."

I went to Sharpless's, stopped at the lace counter, and held out the scrap pretty Mrs. Gordon had given me.

"Can you match this?" I asked, of the polite clerk who stepped up. "I wish to purchase some more of it."

Be took the bit of lace, and I noticed a queer look come over his face. I also saw two or

look come over his face. I also saw two or three of the clerks draw near, and eye me curi-ously, and I began to feel embarrassed. "I don't know," said the clerk, slowly. "Mr. Jones, ask Mr. Sharpless to step this way, will

you?"
The clerk addressed hurried away, and in a moment the proprietor, Mr. Sharpless, came up, which was a relief to me, for I saw something was wrong, and I knew Mr. Sharpless well, as he was an old friend of my father's.
"Ah, good-morning, Miss Jane," he said.
"Well, Mr. Grigg, anything wanted?"
The clerk laid the bit of lace before his employer, saving:

"Lady wishes more of this lace, sir."

Mr. Sharpless looked keenly at the scrap.

"This is not the lady who bought the other,"

"No, sir," answered the clerk. "But she may know who did."
"It was a lady who boards with me—Mrs. Gordon," I said, quickly. "She had not enough, and sent me for more—she wants five yards

"Gave you the money to pay for it, perhaps?" asked the keen-eyed old merchant.
"Yes, sir, she did. Twenty-five dollars."
"Perhaps you will let me see that money, Miss Jane "Certainly, Mr. Sharpless." I took the notes
-two tens and a five—from my purse," and

—two tens and a five—from my purse," and gave them to him.

He looked closely at them, bid me wait a moment, and carried them to his cashier's desk. Presently he came back, and said to me: "This is a bad business, and requires explanation, Miss Jane. I know you are all right. Will you tell me all you know of this Mas. Gordon? Is she the right stripe, exactly?"

My heart sunk fearfully. I replied, "An hour ago I would have sworn she was, Mr. Sharpless. But I begin to fear—what about the lace?"

A week ago a lady exactly answering the "A week ago a lady exactly answering the description you give of her came here and bought fifteen yards of this lace. After she was gone, it was discovered that the seventy-five dollars she paid was every cent counterfeit—and I find the bills you handed me, which she gave you, of the very same stamp. Further, it was also discovered, after she left, that an entire piece of the most valuable lace from the same box was stolen at that time. We have been trying to trace this lady ever since, but had not the least clew till now. What do you think, Miss Jane?"

"I think," said I, trembling all over, "that I

think, Miss Jane?"

"I think," said I, trembling all over, "that I must tell you, Mr. Sharpless, the bad business at our house last night, which brought me to town to-day."

So I told him my story, and then he went with me to John's office. And when I went home, I knew all I had to do.

I told Mrs. Gordon that I could not find any more of the lace, and returned her money to her.

And I told them all that Mr. Earl was coming down to stay all night with us, so we need not be afraid, and we would consult with him about

be afraid, and we would consult with him about the burglary.

I told Hannah before them all to have tea at the usual hour, six o'clock, for Mr. Earl might not come until the late train.

And I gave her a few private directions, and learned from her that Mrs. Gordon had sent one of her trunks over to the village hotel, and Jeannette had gone over to engage a room.

I pretended to try to persuade Mrs. Gordon to remain, now that Mr. Earl was coming down, but she would only consent to stay until after supper, when she would walk over, but promised to come back in a few days, when we got over our fright.

got over our fright.

As I had planned, John came on the six o'clock train, and we were all at supper when Hannah came in with the quiet announcement, "Mr. Earl is in the parlor, ma'am."

I excused myself a moment, and hastening to the parlor found John and a gentleman in a blue

we hurried quietly up-stairs—I was so glad Jeannette was out of the way—and into pretty Mrs. Gordon's room. One of her trunks was gone, but her hat and shawl lay upon the bed, and under the pillow we found her handsome Russia leather handsome Russia leather hand-sachel Mr. Gentleman-in-Blue made short work of opening that sachel, and lo! he had no need to look further! There we found all Miss Raleigh's jewelry, all that belonged to Alice and Mrs.

evens, and my lost money, besides a tiny bunch of skeleton keys.

And then his course was plain, and before I hardly knew what had happened, we had astonished the group at the supper-table, and pretty Mrs. Gordon was a prisoner in the hands

the officer in blue.
Well, he and John took her up to the city by the seven o'clock train, and at the depot they found her trunk, which had not been sent to the hotel—checked for that very train by which

she intended to escape.

And escape she did—for just as the ferry-boat reached the city side there was a slight accident—a collision with a down boat, by which a number of passengers were pitched into the river, and in the confusion pretty Mrs. Gordon disappeared, and we never heard of her any

John regretted it, but I could not, for though there was no doubt she deserved it, I could not bear the thought of that pretty, wicked creature languishing in a prison cell.

We had all recovered our property except Mr. Sharpless, and for my part I am glad she

Afterward we found proof enough that her work was done Sunday afternoon, while I lay asleep in the parlor, and the window opened at night by her frisky maid Jeannette, to throw

uspicion aside.

But we never heard any more either of pretty Mrs. Gordon or of Jeannette.

Ripples.

An old maid speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's

"Who frew dat peanut at me?" asked a darkey when struck on the cranium with a sandbag thrown out of a balloon. An intoxicated passenger on a Virginia railroad showed his total abstinence pledge when asked for a ticket. The conductor punched the pledge, and wrote on it "one drunk."

An agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of irrigation, which was printed irritation by mistake. An honest far-

mer sent his wife to claim the prize. "Mammy," said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give

away, don't you take 'em." Mons. Colombier, a merchant of Paris, recently deceased, has left 30,000 francs to a lady of Rouen for having, twenty years ago, refused to marry him, "through which," says the will, "I was enabled to live independently and hap-

'You must have lived here a long time," said a traveling Englishman to an Oregon pioneer. "Yes, sir, I have. Do you see that mountain? Well, when I came here that mountain was a hole in the ground.

pily as a bachelor.